

# The Nation and The Athenæum

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

AFTER a week of crises that came near ending the existence of the Reich in the form the Weimar Constitution gave it, Dr. Stresemann remains Chancellor and the fabric of the Republic still hangs together. The inner history of the Bavarian *putsch* is even now obscure. The attempt of Ludendorff and Hitler to seize supreme power, and, having declared a monarchy from Munich, to march on Berlin and impose their nominee on the capital, is clear enough. It ended not merely in failure but in fiasco, and Ludendorff, who had managed to preserve a reputation for strength of character, is now a discredited figure from whom little more need be feared. Would-be dictators cannot afford to fail with ignominy. But as to the parts played respectively by von Kahr, General von Lossow, and Knilling, no complete information is yet obtainable. That they threw in their lot originally with the leaders of the *putsch* is certain. It may, as they claim, have been under duress. It may be, on the other hand, that either more prudent second thoughts or the admonitions of Prince Rupprecht dictated their decision to turn loyalist after all. But to what they are loyalist—to Bavaria or to the Reich—is still uncertain. Serious trouble in Munich is still feared, and the loyalty of the Bavarian contingents in the Reichswehr is by no means above suspicion. The movement for a Wittelsbach restoration is formidable, and Dr. Stresemann appears, rather curiously, to have attempted to meet it by playing off the Hohenzollern heir against the claimant to the Bavarian throne. Hence the permission given to the ex-Crown Prince William to return to his estate in Silesia. Saxony, however, remains quiet, and in the Rhineland the Separatist movement, though still artificially fostered in places by the French, stands revealed as the meretricious sham it always was. Morally it has done the French untold damage.

MEANWHILE, the hope of American co-operation in a European settlement has for the moment vanished. M. Poincaré's conditions have been, naturally enough, declared by Washington to make such an expert conference as was proposed "useless and futile," whereupon the French Prime Minister, acting through M. Barthou,

Chairman of the Reparation Commission, has proposed a new kind of expert inquiry under the Commission, if anything, more limited in character than the other. To that proposal the British member of the Commission, Sir John Bradbury, has properly made a completely non-committal answer. He, like everyone else in this country, realizes that an inquiry so hedged round, with the question of Germany's total liability completely excluded from the terms of reference, would be as useless and futile as America declared it. He consented, however, to suspend judgment till the Commission had carried out its intention of hearing German representatives on the present condition of their country. But while M. Poincaré is trying to save his face by offering this hole-and-corner travesty of an inquiry, General Smuts, on the eve of his already postponed departure for South Africa, urges once more, in a letter to the "Times," the summoning of a general conference, not of experts but of heads of States, to go into the whole question of Germany's ultimate capacity to pay and the measures to be taken for her financial reconstruction. If such a conference could be held without delay, with the participation of the United States, it might well be the means of bringing to bear on France a moral pressure which she would find irresistible.

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MR. BALDWIN, however, has chosen to paralyze this country's arm at a moment more critical for Europe than any since the Armistice. Delay is thus inevitable; and the problem has reached a stage when delay is likely to be disastrous. All the indications in Germany to-day are that the winter months must be months of tragedy, civil conflict, and probable disintegration. France shows occasional signs of alarm at the effects of her own handiwork, but M. Poincaré is as inflexible as a bar of iron. Perhaps the most resourceless statesman who ever controlled the destinies of France, he is utterly incapable of diverging from a line he has once laid down, even when it leads him open-eyed to failure and disaster. In the Rhineland, in spite of repeated British representations and his own protestations of absolute neutrality, he declines to interfere with the local French officials

who assiduously pull the strings that set the gangs of Separatist ruffians in motion. The failure of that shameful movement in its present form is now assured, but Germany's extremity is creating conditions that threaten to drive the Rhine provinces in spite of themselves into some sort of autonomy. It appears to have been decided in Berlin that no more unemployment benefit can be paid in the Rhineland. That, in the present state of Germany's finances, would seem obvious enough. But if the responsibility for supporting the population is to be thrown on the occupying authorities, those authorities will be in a position to make terms as to the political status of the area. As a result, a France which has to submit to the return of the Crown Prince, and the refusal of Germany either to pay Reparations or to make provision for the safety of Allied military missions of control, may thus, through the Reich's impoverishment, get her way, despite everything, on the Rhine.

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MR. BALDWIN has made up his mind, or has had it made up for him. Parliament is dissolved, and its successor will be elected on Thursday, December 6th, which is the earliest possible day. The country, therefore, is to be asked to vote blindly for the reversal of the commercial policy which it has pursued for two generations. It is to know no details of the proposed Tariff; and there is to be the minimum of discussion even of the general aspects of this sweeping change of policy. Mr. Asquith's comment on this procedure is the only possible comment. "I can find," he said in the House of Commons on Tuesday, "no other motive for a course which is universally condemned in the whole business world than the desire to evade discussion and to coerce the electors into a premature and uninformed decision." Mr. Baldwin's attempt to compare his methods with those adopted in December, 1910, when the Parliament Act was already before the House, is mere trifling.

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ON Tuesday morning the Prime Minister sent for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Henderson, and told them of his decision, which was announced in the House in the afternoon. It was arranged that Tuesday and Wednesday should be devoted to the discussion of the Workmen's Compensation Bill, which the Government had pledged itself to Labour to pass. On Thursday there was a discussion of a vote of censure drawn up by the Labour leaders, and condemning the Government for its "neglect" of the unemployed, its "failure to devise and pursue a national policy calculated to restore the influence of the country abroad, and re-establish international peace and trade," and its decision to "fight an election on an undisclosed scheme of tariffs and Imperial Preference." These arrangements, as Mr. Asquith pointed out on Tuesday, were not discussed with the Liberal Opposition, which, now that reunion has been achieved, is nearly as strong in the House as the Labour Party. The Government would no doubt find it very convenient if it could persuade the electors that a Labour Government is the only alternative to itself, and thus divert attention from its most redoubtable antagonists on the fiscal issue.

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ON Tuesday evening it was announced that the Liberal Party would go into action as a united force. The two "Abingdon Streets" "are being occupied in common"; all candidates will be adopted and described as Liberals without qualification, and will be "sup-

ported by the whole strength of the party"; there are to be enough candidates "to make united Liberalism a practical alternative to the present Government." Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have made plans for a campaign in common, and the former invited the latter on to his platform at the Queen's Hall on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Lloyd George, however, found it necessary to be in the House for the debate on the vote of censure. This quick achievement of reunion was the natural consequence of the challenge thrown down by the Government, and of the urgency of the crisis thus created. After the emphatic and uncompromising declarations in favour of Free Trade immediately made by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, only the details remained to be arranged. Personal concessions and sacrifices have, no doubt, been required from both sides; and Mr. Asquith's special contribution to the compact has been yet another manifestation of his characteristic magnanimity. But the supreme merit of the arrangement is that it has been altogether impersonal in its aims. The kind of reunion which would have been a mere marriage of convenience we have never desired; but this spontaneous rally to the defence of the Liberal citadel is a very different, a very necessary, and a very welcome event.

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ON the Unionist side negotiations for complete reunion have been in progress. In this case, of course, there was no real party split to heal, but only personal difficulties to remove. Mr. Baldwin saw Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead on Monday, and their immediate return to office was confidently expected. Lord Birkenhead, however, drives a hard bargain, and there are Ministers by no means anxious to welcome him back. Serious obstacles to Conservative Reunion have therefore arisen. There are several Free Traders in prominent positions in the Government, but although they are reported to have opposed the decision to dissolve, they show no alacrity to resign. The case of Lord Birkenhead, who is an ex-Lord Chancellor, would seem to bristle with piquant difficulties—unless, as has been suggested in one quarter, Lord Cave makes way for him on the Wool-sack—for it is difficult to imagine him playing second fiddle to Lord Curzon in the Lords. Nor would it be easy for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who has led the Unionist Party, to return to an office less important than those he has held. From one of them he is presumably cut off by fraternal feeling. The other is held by Lord Robert Cecil, who is faced with a choice of peculiar difficulty.

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THE composition of the Committee which is to advise the Government as to the imposition of duties on manufactured goods was announced on Monday night. Lord Milner will preside over its deliberations. The business members are Lord Kysant (formerly Sir Owen Philipps), Sir Algernon Firth, Sir Peter Rylands; and trade unionism is represented by Mr. Pugh, of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation. So far as economic theory is concerned, the Committee will be compelled to rely on Sir William Ashley and the inevitable Mr. Hewins; but in that department Mr. Baldwin's field of choice was very strictly limited. It is to the tender mercies of this not very impressive body that the electors are asked to deliver British industry.

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THE official summary of the proceedings of the Imperial Conference adds very little to our knowledge of the discussions on foreign affairs. It contains, however, one very important announcement—that negotiations

have actually been opened with the United States for an "experimental agreement" extending the right of search in respect of suspected rum-runners. If this question, so important in its bearing on Anglo-American relations, can be satisfactorily settled, the Conference will have done good work. As regards Imperial defence, the Conference, while approving the Washington Treaty, and expressing a hope that no opportunity may be lost for further limitation of armaments, appears to have endorsed the Singapore scheme; but the most important of the resolutions passed is that relating to uniformity of organization and equipment for the air forces of the Empire, with a view to facilitating co-operation. Perhaps the most interesting result of the Conference, however, so far as the Empire is concerned, is the definite agreement reached with regard to the procedure governing the negotiation and signature of treaties. This agreement provides that any of the Empire Governments may conclude, and instruct its representatives to sign, treaties affecting solely its own interests; but that where other parts of the Empire may be affected, the Governments concerned are to be given an opportunity of participating in the negotiations, and the treaty is to be signed by plenipotentiaries appointed by all the Governments concerned.

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PUBLIC interest in the Economic Conference has naturally centred on the discussions on Imperial Preference; but the practical work done in connection with less controversial questions forms a better justification for its sittings. The decision to recommend for general adoption throughout the Empire the Rules embodied in the Carriage of Goods by Sea Bill should do much to pave the way for their international application, and, for this reason, will be warmly welcomed by shipowners, merchants, and financiers alike. As regards the legal immunities of State-owned ships, also, the Conference has strengthened the hands of the International Maritime Law Committee in their fight for the removal of the present anomalies. On the questions of wireless facilities, taxation of State enterprises, reciprocal enforcement of judgments and arbitral awards, industrial research, workmen's compensation, patent rights, and trade statistics, the resolutions of the Conference and the detailed work done in the Committees have done much to secure that co-operation and that uniformity of practice which are so important both in promoting the flow of trade and in avoiding possibilities of friction.

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PERHAPS the most important result of the Conference, however, is the proposal for a permanent Imperial Economic Committee "to consider and advise upon any matters of an economic or commercial character—not being matters appropriate to be dealt with by the Imperial Shipping Committee—which are referred to it by any of the constituent Governments." From this proposal Canada alone dissented, and the list of subjects dealt with by the Conference would seem in itself to indicate the utility of some such machinery for keeping the various States composing the Empire informed as to the economic problems arising in any part of it, for securing co-operation in research and experiment, and for preparing subjects for discussion at the general Conferences. The rights of individual States appear to be amply safeguarded by the provision that no question affecting any part of the Empire may be referred to the Committee without the consent of the Government or Governments concerned. The utility of such a Committee, however, will depend on the character of the

"economic and commercial" questions referred to it. As a clearing house for information, and a means for co-operation in the discussion of technical questions, it may do invaluable work; but that work will not be done if the Committee is allowed to degenerate into a field for log-rolling by British and Dominion industries for increased preference.

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THE meetings of the Railway National Wages Board during the past week have been most interesting. A summary of the companies' claims was given in our last issue, and, as we anticipated, argument and counter-argument have been keen. The companies base their case on the need for lowering rates in order to assist a general industrial recovery, and maintain that this cannot be done without first reducing their wage bill, which they consider a reasonable proposition in view of the great increase in railwaymen's wages since 1914, and of the existing high level of those wages as compared with present wages in other industries. The railway unions have replied that since the companies admit that they can afford to pay the existing wages, there is no reason why they should seek a reduction; for the railwaymen consider a voluntary sacrifice on behalf of the workers in less fortunately situated industries useless, since in their opinion a reduction in freights would not increase employment or help to raise wages. The unions stress the low wages paid before the war as a reason for the very large increase since 1914, and point out that there are many groups of workers, such as unskilled municipal employees, who are at least as well off to-day as railwaymen. They have stressed the smooth working of industrial relations in recent years, and advanced the view that the existing general arrangements for wage regulation were considered by railwaymen as "settled for all time." All these arguments and more detailed arguments on the specific claims have been severely criticized, and the Board have not yet finished. If the Board endorse the companies' claims, it seems certain that the railwaymen will resist their imposition, and we shall be face to face with a serious crisis. It is therefore the duty of every citizen to study the reports of the present proceedings, for in the end the community may have to settle the business as in 1919.

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THE suddenness with which the Tariff Election has been sprung upon the country makes it very difficult to mobilize the array of facts and detailed arguments which have never failed in the past to expose the hollowness of the Protectionist case. We therefore think it important to call our readers' attention to a special supplement, entitled "The Case for Free Trade," which the "Economist" includes in its issue this week. We shall ourselves publish in our next two issues two articles on Free Trade by Mr. J. M. Keynes; while Dr. T. E. Gregory will supply some valuable ammunition under the heading "Facts and Figures for Free Traders." For a discussion of other aspects of Liberal policy we would commend to our readers the "New Way Series" of pamphlets published by the "Daily News" price 6d. each and written by some of the speakers at the Cambridge Summer School.

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We regret that the "*Estonian Tale: Bernhard Riives*," by Madame Aino Kallas, which appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of September 29th, had previously appeared in the "*Educational Times*" of November, 1922. The story was offered to us and was accepted without our knowledge that it had previously been published elsewhere.

### THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE historic Liberal Party has been reunited this week, in the only conditions in which reunion can be sincere or desirable,—identical opinions and identical antagonisms on immediate issues of the first degree of importance.

The questions of to-day are not the same as those of a generation ago. It has taken a little time for the distinctions of temperament and ideal, corresponding to what we call "party," deep, unchangeable and permanent though they are in the characters of Englishmen, to sort themselves out. Foreign policy and Economic policy, each presenting in detail mainly new problems, are what matter now. Though the details are new, nevertheless the general lines, along which the Liberal and the Conservative temperaments would try to solve them, have been predetermined. After a period of doubt, this is plain at last. For a short time it seemed as though the real differences between, for example, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith, were shadowy and indistinct. Party strife was half-hearted. The ideal of carrying on the King's Government by the best men, regardless of party, had a momentary plausibility. But the after-war twilight has suddenly cleared. We find ourselves, overnight, standing shoulder to shoulder in the old ranks.

Two pairs of speeches, lately delivered, illuminate the gulf. In the realm of foreign policy, Lord Birkenhead's Rectorial Address and General Smuts's broadcasted oration disclose the opposite assumptions upon which the Tory and the Liberal Ministers of Foreign Affairs build their diplomacy,—the appeal to national force, which leads, the Liberal thinks, to universal suicide, and the organization of international opinion, which leads, the Tory thinks, to the decay of national prestige. In the realm of economic policy, the speeches of Mr. Baldwin at Manchester and of Mr. Asquith at Dewsbury typify, on the one hand, the exaltation of a sort of mystical stupidity, with which the Tory, generally sentimentalizing himself on these occasions as the "plain, business man," likes to present his nostrums for the cure of economic facts; and, on the other, the intellectual answer, which the Liberal, whether he always succeeds or not, tries to give to an intellectual problem. Liberalism to-day must make us soft-hearted to foreign affairs and hard-headed to economic facts. Tories have shown themselves lately hard where we are soft, and soft where we are hard.

All Liberals of both wings must feel an exhilaration of spirit and a heightening of excitement. The Party struggle is not an ignoble instrument for the advancement of human affairs. Old associates have joined their ranks again under their old leaders, by general admission the most famous and experienced body of statesmen in the world, with clear issues before them and with great hopes of winning much ground. Coalition has failed; and Toryism has failed. We too would like to try our hand at mitigating the moral and economic disorders of the stricken modern world.

We have not mentioned Labour. Does this invalidate our argument? We think not. An underlying current of weakness in the inner life of the Labour Party is obvious to any observer. It is possible that they

may have some electoral success. But in power and in action, there is no likelihood of their accomplishing in the near future any part of their programme which is peculiar to themselves. Labour cannot accomplish anything at present which is not on Liberal rather than on Labour lines, and is not carried through with Liberal support,—not least because the best of their ability is drawn from good friends of our own who in the twilight temporarily strayed away. The Labour Party is no more a "party," in the sense in which we have used this good old word, than super-taxpayers are. It includes every discrepancy of temperament from the highest Toryism to the wildest spirit of destruction, from the driest intellectualism to a degree of mystical stupidity which would satisfy the standards of Mr. Baldwin. Let no man vote Tory to keep Labour out when his true preference is for the Liberal. In the short run it will be Liberal strength which will be most potent to check Labour excesses; and in the long run nothing but Liberal weakness can cause the eventual reaction from Toryism to play into the hands of extremists.

The precise form which Liberal Reunion has taken is marked, in our opinion, by the wisdom which has characterized throughout Mr. Asquith's handling of this problem. The two wings of the party retain their separate organizations, but they are to collaborate without reserve and without distinction of name. The joint action of the Conservative and the Liberal Unionist parties in old days, though in that case the separate designations were retained for many years, provides an instructive precedent. By this arrangement, the rank and file of Liberals in the constituencies can come together and fight for a common programme,—which has been the crying need; whilst the personal questions—which have been the difficulty—are left, deprived, for the moment, of their power to do harm, to the assuagements of time and the test of experience.

We predict that the coming election will be distinguished from the other elections since the war by a general return to political allegiances and a strict party vote. If it were not for the complications of three-cornered contests and the absence of an alternative vote, this election would probably indicate with considerable accuracy the relative strength to-day of the three great parties. For ten years before the war the Liberal vote dominated the country. Many, as yet incalculable, elements have been added since then. It is probable, nevertheless, that a return to "party" will benefit Liberalism more than either of its rivals, and may achieve that moderate improvement of relative position which will be sufficient to make the Liberal Party a deciding power in the State. It is only necessary that Conservatives should lose forty seats on balance and that Liberals should win forty seats, for the Liberal Party to attain a relative strength in the new House of Commons, which, in combination with its middle position, would render it the only party capable—with support from the moderates of both the other parties—of carrying on the government of the country.

Liberal workers have, therefore, something to work for. Let them enter the brief fight with hope and with courage, determined if they can to restore Liberalism to its rightful task in this moderate and magnanimous country of finding a *via media* to Peace abroad and Contentment at home. It is on them that has now fallen the mantle of Tranquillity which won the last election.

## THE SHAM ISSUE AND THE TRUE.

It is unnecessary to spend many words in denouncing the dishonesty of the election which is now imminent. It has been sprung on the country with a secrecy and a haste more suggestive of the profession of the burglar than of that of the statesman. The plain citizen, no matter what his party, is simply bewildered by a manœuvre which seems so irrelevant to the facts of the world, so divorced from the realities of politics, so much like a practical joke that he has no words with which to characterize it. The bewilderment is not confined to the public. It is shared by Mr. Baldwin's own followers in the House of Commons, from whom the conspiracy had been concealed as carefully as from the country, and many of whom are panic-stricken at the idea of being sent back to the electorate with three or four years of their term yet to run. Up to a month ago they had heard no whisper of this tremendous "stunt" that was in contemplation. They had only just come into power to invoke "tranquillity," and on the assurance of their leaders that, however desirable a thing Protection might be in the abstract, it was fatal to raise it in the present condition of the world. It is probable that Mr. Baldwin himself had no knowledge of the mine that was to be sprung, for it is only a few weeks ago that he was still hoping to bring that stalwart Free Trader Mr. McKenna into his Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Baldwin has told us that he is not a clever man. Some of us have clung with difficulty to the belief that he is an honest man. What is beyond question is that he is the most remarkable babe that has ever appeared in the political wood, "a simple child that lightly draws its breath," and plays with policies as a boy plays with bubbles. The most favourable construction that can be put on his action is that he is the ingenuous instrument of more resolute minds. He has been driven "over the top" at the point of the bayonets of the Amerys, Joynson-Hickses, and Worthington-Evanses of his party.

The pretence on which the country is to be plunged into a gratuitous and frivolous election is that a policy of Protection offers the only possible remedy for unemployment. Mr. Baldwin did not think so in August, when he wrote his famous letter to Sir Allan Smith, in which he attributed the state of unemployment in British industry to the condition of Europe. I do not think it is unfair to him to say that he does not think so now, for nothing has happened in the interval to make his opinion in August less true, and much has happened to make it more indisputable. The plain fact is that having failed to find the cure for bad trade in the only field in which it can be found, he now allows unemployment to be used as a counter in a gamble for stakes of a quite different character. A more impudent imposture was never practised on the British public than the attempt to thrust this quack remedy on the country at a time when its whole effort should be mobilized against the real cause of the disease. The fiscal question has no relevance to the blight that has fallen on British industry. Free Trade has not caused it, and Protection will not cure it. A proposal that rests on such a grotesque diagnosis can only be put forward on the mean and dishonourable calculation that the distress of the people can be exploited for ulterior motives.

The fraud is the more odious because it is a shabby, half-hearted fraud. When Joseph Chamberlain embarked on his great adventure twenty years ago he at least did so in the grand manner. He was wrong, but he was wrong in a spacious and reputable way. He faced

the issue in all its bearings, and raised it to the plane of large Imperial ideas which, however unsound and impracticable, invested the challenge with a bold and constructive motive. But in the scrappy, furtive hints with which the country has been presented by Mr. Baldwin, nothing is visible except the desire to snatch a verdict on an undiscussed and unconsidered issue. The country is to give its judgment without hearing the argument, and the inquiry is to take place when the blank cheque is in Mr. Baldwin's hand. All that we know is that everything that lent a certain dignity to the Chamberlain scheme is absent from the present design, and that so far from vitalizing the great staple industries of the country in which unemployment is most prevalent—cotton, shipbuilding, and so on—the proposal cannot fail to add to the burdens of those industries. Although the paramount issue of the taxation of food is dodged as being too dangerous to be included in the first draft of the scheme, and although the farmers, who used to be the key of the Protectionist case, are to be fobbed off with a bonus out of the pockets of the taxpayer, the net result will be an increase in the cost of living to the consumer, and a consequent increase in the cost of production of the commodities on the export of which the industry of the country depends.

The scheme, in fact, is not a scheme for the relief of unemployment, but a scheme for benefiting certain manufacturers by enabling them to squeeze the home consumer. This is the most sinister aspect of the ramp. It is a raid on the home market. It is a new departure of the most ominous kind in our industrial ideas. The commercial supremacy of this country has been built up on an economical basis of production which has enabled us to "hold the world in fee." Our export trade has been our glory and our strength. It made us rich, and the competitive qualities which enabled us to command foreign markets secured to the home consumer cheap commodities. But during the war the standards of industry were demoralized. Export trade ceased to count, and the manufacturer found an El Dorado at his doors. He made profits beyond the dreams of avarice. He made them by grossly depreciated levels of quality. He made them out of his own people, and he came, perhaps insensibly, to think that his shortest cut to prosperity was not to produce on those narrow margins of profit which secured him the trade of the world, but to erect tariff walls and exploit the consumer behind them at home. It is an attractive programme, but no intelligent person needs to be told that it is a repudiation of the policy by which we secured an export trade that was the envy of the world, or that the impoverishment of the home consumer is the most crazy way of dealing with unemployment.

But it is not merely because the proposal is no remedy for the trouble that its introduction is an act of almost criminal levity. It diverts the public mind from the pursuit of the true remedy. It keeps us straining after shadows and neglecting the substance of things. The stagnation that afflicts our trade has nothing to do with fiscal expedients, but—as Mr. Baldwin said in August publicly and would doubtless say to-day privately—is due to the scrapping of the machine of world trade upon which our national livelihood depends. Until peace is restored in Europe and the channels of commerce are cleared of the obstructions left by the war, and still more by the so-called peace, the currents of trade cannot resume their flow and unemployment cannot be cured. It is Mr. Baldwin's failure to deal with this immense problem, and not the "failure" of Free Trade, that is the real issue of the election. There is no more humiliating record of impotence, of hot fits and cold fits,

of bold declarations and feeble withdrawals, of discordant voices and incoherent policies, than that of the Government which has now committed suicide less than a year after it came into being. In the presence of that nerveless incompetence M. Poincaré has triumphantly, almost contemptuously, pursued a policy which, as he knows, is bleeding this country white as surely as it dooms Germany and the European system to economic extinction.

Even in spheres where the malign influence of France does not limit our freedom of action, the same paralytic helplessness prevails. There is awaiting us in Russia a trade which, once released, would set the factories and forges of this country in immediate activity and solve the problem of unemployment by the natural processes of industry. But that trade cannot be released until credit is forthcoming to facilitate exchange. And credit cannot be forthcoming while the Government obstinately refuses to recognize Russia and while the finance which is waiting for the word "Go" has no guarantee of security in our public policy. It is in these things, directly due to the folly and timidity of the Government, that the causes of unemployment have to be sought, and it is to escape from the exposure of its own failure that the Government draws the most ancient and discredited red herring across the trail.

There is one other aspect of the disreputable story that calls for grave attention. This dishonest gamble is the latest and most serious blow struck at the Parliamentary institution. It is a flagrant breach of the conditions upon which the Government was returned to power a year ago, and on which it was its duty to hold office until it was defeated or its term was exhausted. In converting the possession of office, secured on one undertaking, into a means of suddenly repudiating that undertaking, Mr. Baldwin is abusing and discrediting Parliamentary government at a time when it is being challenged on all sides by the alternatives of revolution and reaction, and when the maintenance of its prestige is the highest duty of statesmanship. If the course he has followed is pursued, the twin shadows of Lenin and Mussolini will soon take substance among us.

A. G. G.

## OUR WAR SUPPLIES.

By W. T. LAYTON.

ATTEMPTS have recently been made to raise the ghost of the ancient controversy about our supplies in time of war, and it may therefore be worth while to exorcize it before battle is joined on the general issue of Trade Restriction. The argument takes two forms. There are those who urge that, being an island liable to be shut off in time of war from overseas supplies, Great Britain must become a self-contained country, while the second party maintain that, seeing that we cannot tell what country might not be a possible enemy, we should endeavour to make the Empire self-supporting. The first is the cruder and the more impracticable idea, but at the same time it is the one that makes the stronger appeal, and therefore claims first place in the discussion. Let us recall at the outset some facts with regard to our experience in the late war. Twenty years ago the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War, followed by a series of committees on the question of supplies in war time, rejected the idea that it was possible to make ourselves self-supporting in food, and the only question seriously discussed was whether we could and should increase the stocks held in

this country against an emergency. The Committees reported against this suggestion and confined themselves to the problem of keeping merchant ships at sea. They therefore evolved a plan of international insurance to prevent ships being laid up in an emergency if the freight rates, and still more insurance rates, suddenly rose. The scheme worked exactly to plan.

The conclusions of these Committees would have been immensely strengthened if they had foreseen the actual course of events, for the war proved that it would have been little use for Great Britain to be self-contained in regard to wheat alone, or even to food generally. On more than one occasion our greatest anxiety was to secure the essential imports of iron ore, and if we really contemplate being shut off from the sea, then we must provide at home not merely wheat and meat, but must store nitrate, copper, and scores of other articles essential for modern warfare which we can only obtain from overseas. Before 1914 we thought of war in terms of food and men; we have now to think of it in terms of food, men, and munitions.

But before we can make any headway on the question, we must decide what possible enemies we expect to have to meet. If the British Empire were at war with the United States, supported by the great Powers of Europe, commanding between them a great and substantial superiority of sea power, with Canada gone and the Mediterranean closed against us, these islands would indeed be reduced to the position of a besieged city, and our fate be sealed. But no responsible statesman would think it reasonable to found a policy on this hypothesis.

If we were at war with the United States, but with Europe—or even only France—neutral, though supplies would be cut off from North America, nothing could prevent provisions for Great Britain coming across the Channel, even though our ships were driven from some of the more distant seas.

But even this hypothesis is not really one of practical importance, for, as Lord Grey has said, our whole policy in connection with the Washington Conference is based upon the assumption that war with the United States is unthinkable. If we are to legislate for the possibility of war with any combination of European Powers—and here we are more in the region of reality—we must follow the traditional policy of ensuring such a superiority of sea power that our merchant ships are able to keep the seas. This is almost purely a naval question, for air power is not yet, and seems unlikely ever to be, an efficient method of blockade.

If, then, our war problem is one in which our merchant marine, though carrying on under difficulties, is nevertheless able to keep the seas, there remains only the question as to whether it is better for us to depend for supplies upon Imperial resources or to draw our requirements, as at the present, from the widest possible field. On this question, the war has a clear lesson to teach us, namely, that as the difficulties and dangers of shipping increase, it becomes important to draw supplies from the nearest possible sources. Everyone knows that as the sinking of ships became serious in 1917, every possible ship was concentrated on the North Atlantic route, for they could bring several cargoes from America in the time required to make one journey to Australia. Hence valuable supplies of wool, metals, wheat and meat, which Australia had provided, had to be reluctantly left in store on the other side of the world because they could not be moved. Indeed, it requires no expert knowledge to realize that when this country is faced with difficulties at sea, the worst possible place from which to draw its supplies is the Antipodes. The shipping problem is largely responsible for the fact that whereas in the

decade before the war we imported 47.8 million cwts. of wheat from the Empire, and 68.4 million cwts. from foreign countries, in the four war years our imports from the Empire dropped to 35.9 million cwts., while our imports from foreign countries rose to 69.9 million cwts., though we were cut off from such important sources of supply as Russia, the Balkans, and Hungary. In peace time, Australia, which is liable to drought, and India, whose crops depend upon an uncertain monsoon, are among the least reliable of the world wheat producers, and an undue dependence upon them would make our wheat prices subject to considerably larger fluctuations than at present. In war time they are the least accessible sources and on very vulnerable routes. The safety of our food supplies in war no less than our interests in time of peace make it essential that we should, as far as possible, average our risks by drawing supplies from the largest possible number of sources and tapping the world's surplus production wherever it may occur.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESS. SALVATION THROUGH THE TRUST?

By NORMAN ANGELL.

In the two articles in *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* for October 20th and November 3rd on the industrialization of the Press (written before the amalgamation of the Rothermere and Hulton interests), a great deal of emphasis was thrown on the kind of "Gresham Law" which operates in the process of competition for circulation, particularly during periods of excitement: the paper that exploits a "corpse factory" story, and so adds to the prevailing dementia, will secure a bigger circulation and pay larger dividends than the rival which publishes the facts discrediting the story and so tends to restore public sanity. In the process, the bad drives out the good.

Now, it may be argued that as these big amalgamations will almost eliminate competition, this process will not in future operate so strongly. Lord Rothermere's papers will not now have to be more jingo, more sensational, more inflammatory than the Hulton or the Beaverbrook Press, because they will nearly all be in one combination. But the competitive process will operate none the less. There are rival publishing concerns quite ready to jump into the daily newspaper field if any neglect on the part of the Trust to pander to some overwhelming public folly should offer an opportunity. During the war, we saw Mr. Bottomley push the circulation of "John Bull" to something like two millions, by being more crassly jingo than Lord Northcliffe or Lord Rothermere; so much so that the latter engaged Mr. Bottomley as a journalistic chaplain to preach the weekly sermon in one of his lordship's Sunday publications. If we could have imagined what was then the Northcliffe Press failing in anti-Hun fervour, undoubtedly we should have had Mr. Bottomley starting a daily paper to exploit the atrocities which the "Daily Mail" neglected.

Nevertheless, there is a possibility that the progressive trustification of the Press may be the means of bringing some solution of the Press problem. For this public of millions, which has been so indifferent in the past to the obvious demerits of the Northcliffe Press, seems at last really to have been made uneasy and sceptical by the fact of trustification. One has only to listen to current comments in train and 'bus concerning the recent amalgamation, to realize how widespread has this distrust become. What seems clearly to be taking

place is this: a one-sidedness, partiality, unfairness, to which "Mail," or "Evening News," or "Mirror" readers were yesterday completely indifferent because they had the feeling that they were free to go to other papers, is now something which increasing numbers are coming to resent and be on the watch for, just because they are beginning to realize that in fact they are not free to go to other papers. They discover that when they buy the "Sketch" to get a view of things differing from that of the "Mirror," they are really getting the same view.

One might lay down the generalization that the people will stand one-sidedness and unfairness in what they read if there is no monopoly. They will stand a monopoly if that monopoly is scrupulously fair; they will not stand both unfairness and a monopoly. The principle might not work in war time, when newspaper readers are indifferent to anything but the one thing of being told the utmost evil of the enemy and the utmost good of ourselves. But it will certainly operate in some degree in peace time. If the public are to accept a newspaper monopoly, they must feel that that monopoly is giving them the news.

Just note what it is giving them at present, as illustrated by a typical instance.

On October 23rd there was delivered in London, by a man whose name is familiar throughout the whole of the Empire, a pronouncement which was the forewarning or notification of a profound change in world policy, in the attitude of America to Europe, of Britain to her late enemy. A fortnight after its delivery it was still being sold by tens of thousands as a pamphlet in the streets of every city in the country; within twelve hours of its delivery the Foreign Office of every great Power was aware of it, and, incidentally, about a million persons are supposed to have heard it by broadcasting.

But because it did not happen to accord with the particular "stunt" the Trust was running at the moment, the monopoly's principal newspaper (1,700,000 circulation) gave on its main news page exactly five lines to it, tucking a very brief half-column summary of it away on a back page. That no such treatment was justified on its news merits the "Mail" itself admitted the next day by devoting its leading article to it. If the speech had happened to be in accord with the Trust "policy," it would have been splashed all over the paper on the first day.

From an admittedly sectional or party paper this sort of thing might be accepted. But when the public realize that such methods actuate an all-swallowing monopoly, controlling literally hundreds of publications, that public will begin in normal times to transfer its patronage to papers able to fly the signal "Not in the Trust."

It is noteworthy, by the way, that the "Mail" established itself as a paper of large circulation by the feature of being open to all views: it made a habit daily of printing signed articles very often in direct conflict with those advocated editorially. This policy, upon which Lord Northcliffe in his better days insisted, has been completely abandoned by his successors.

Is it not possible that the formation of the Trust may lead to some action by the professional working journalist, correspondent, reporter, newsman? At present too often he must be prepared either to make what he writes fit in with the Trust bias, or face the extreme likelihood of finding no job at all open to him.

Other professions, Medicine and Law, do not leave their members so completely at the mercy of Capital. Medicine and Law have formed themselves into guilds for the purpose, among other things, of ensuring a

certain standard of professional decency in their relations with Capital. Imagine what would happen in Medicine if it were open to a capitalist to "organize" it on purely profit-making lines; for a big "combine" to have offices in every city, to undertake through "hired" doctors the sale of medicines in which it happened to be interested, to "sack" every doctor who did not recommend the sale of these particular medicines. Yet when the "Mail" engages a man of letters like Mr. H. G. Wells to write over his own name his account of a Washington Conference, he is promptly sacked as soon as that account seems to imply that France is developing militarist tendencies! The journalistic profession did nothing about it. Its members did not seem to realize that acquiescence in this accepted for journalists a relationship to Capital which other professions refuse to accept.

It should be as impossible for a newspaper proprietor to assume that he can doctor and tamper with the judgment of a journalist who is reporting, say, the happenings in the Ruhr, as it would be for the owners of a convalescent home to expect its doctors so to treat the inmates that their stay in the institution would be prolonged.

The professional organizations of journalists should fight for a completely new conception of the obligations of the journalist. That obligation is not primarily to the man who pays him, any more than the judge's obligation is primarily to the Government that pays his salary. The obligation is to the public—and to professional conscience. And the fact that the Government may have "engaged" a judge and can in theory dismiss him, does not give that Government any right to dictate the judgment which shall be rendered. Has a newspaper company any better right to dictate to journalists the tendency of the reports of facts which they shall send? Capital, and even trustification, have their functions in newspaper production, assuredly. But professional rectitude has its place too. The time has come to define it and assert it.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THE most deplorable feature of the decision to hold a General Election is that it must inevitably paralyze British foreign policy, just at the moment when we are provided with an opportunity for effective action, such as occurs very rarely and is apt to prove fleeting. Belgium and Italy have separated themselves significantly from France. The United States Government have indicated that they *might* be willing to enter a Conference, despite French refusal to participate. This placed it within the grasp of British statesmanship to secure an international inquiry, which might really be of use, and might pave the way to an effective mobilization of world opinion against French policy. But such a British initiative has been rendered impossible by the distraction of a General Election, after which no one knows what sort of Government will be in office.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Opposition parties will not allow the international question to be swamped by domestic issues in the forthcoming campaign. The international question must remain the chief problem of British statesmanship for the next few years; and the present Government's evident inability to grapple with it, of which their plunge into an election on the tariff

issue is virtually a confession, is the main reason why it is important to put another Government in their place. Just a year ago the following words appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM with reference to the General Election which was then in progress:—

"The wise elector would only put two questions to his candidate, and he would go on asking them until he got a perfectly clear and precise answer: 'What are you going to do about France?' and 'What are you going to do about Germany?' In other words, it is the European situation and foreign policy which are the dominating factors in the national existence to-day, and they will remain the dominating factors throughout the term of the next Parliament. The Government, whatever its complexion, which will come to power as the result of Wednesday's vote, will not be troubled by any crisis over a capital levy, or abolishing indirect taxes, or even over abolishing and re-establishing a Pensions Ministry, but it is absolutely certain that it will be immediately and repeatedly involved in the most acute and dangerous crises regarding the relations between this country, France, and Germany, and regarding the economic situation which is the result of the Treaty of Versailles and French policy. According as that unborn Government handles these questions, it will earn, or at least deserve, our blessings or our curses, and also, we think, the blessings or curses of the other unfortunate peoples of Europe."

The past year has abundantly shown the truth of these words; they are hardly less true to-day.

THE "Times" has done good service lately in international politics, and its correspondents in the Ruhr and the Rhineland have earned the gratitude of all decent men by their courage and honesty. Some of us were beginning to rejoice in the recovery of a high-minded national journal. Our joy was premature. In the matter of this snap election, the "Times" has adopted an attitude of frank cynicism, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in its record even during the Northcliffe régime. Here, for instance, is a passage from its leading article on Wednesday last:—

"The most satisfactory feature of the Prime Minister's brief statement is that it appears to concentrate on release from the pledge as the main issue to be placed before the electorate. The more he insists upon that one point, and refrains from detail, the better. There are already signs, as our Parliamentary Correspondent points out, that even life-long Free Traders, for instance in Lancashire, are ready to support him thus far, while reserving the right to oppose him afterwards on specific proposals, should he use his freedom in ways of which they disapprove. The truth is that the country at large has an open and almost uninstructed mind on the whole question of Protection. . . ."

"My only course as an honest man," said Mr. Baldwin, "was to place my views before the country and to take my chance." "Your only chance of returning to power," retorts the "Times," in effect, "is to hide your views from the country and hoodwink the electorate."

LORD ROBERT CECIL will soon be obliged to make an extremely difficult decision. It is well known that he joined the Government for a special purpose—to further the cause of the League of Nations. During his tenure of office he has, in point of fact, accomplished a great deal; more than is generally realized. He saved the League from almost certain disruption over the Corfu affair. He has transformed the Council of the League from an unsatisfactory body into an effective one. He has got his colleagues so far committed to the League that while he remains in office they are bound to support him in his task. There are many people, not of Lord Robert's party, who would be glad to see him occupying a permanent post as British Minister for the League. But there is no provision in our constitution for such an

office, and there is, after all, some substance in the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility. No one wants to harass Lord Robert or to increase his perplexities, but there is a real danger that he may exaggerate the immediate injury which his resignation would inflict on the cause of the League, and underestimate the ultimate reaction on his own reputation, and, through that, on his life-work, if he, an informed and convinced Free Trader, remained in a Protectionist Government. It is not as though it were merely a case of a few foolish duties, having no other effect than to cause some slight damage to our economic welfare. Mr. Baldwin is evidently going to make the attempt to reduce foreign tariffs by retaliatory methods the central feature of his programme. Such a policy cannot fail to create a fresh source of international discord, at a time when appeasement is the supreme object of the school of statesmanship to which Lord Robert belongs.

So far as the main Tariff issue is concerned, the smoke-screen of vagueness, under cover of which the Government is going into action, will almost certainly prove impenetrable, but there are various points at which it may be pierced by judicious questioning. Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, gave not one negative pledge but three, and it is essential that the Government should be made to define its attitude in respect of the other two. He promised that for the first few sessions of the Parliament now defunct he would not meddle with the Parliament Act or with the Trade Unions' political levy. It is difficult to believe that the

Conservative forces which have impelled Mr. Baldwin into his Tariff gamble will be willing to go on wearing these other shackles if the electors give them another majority. This is a point on which Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues should be challenged at once.

LORD BEATTY'S speech at the Guildhall banquet was in many ways admirable. His reasoned defence of the capital ship should go a long way to reassure those who have been shaken by the repeated assertion that the Admiralty's policy was due to nothing better than a blind conservatism. His references to the air arm of the Navy showed a lively appreciation of its importance, yet, as befitted the occasion, were free from controversial bias. With regard to the question of Singapore, however, Lord Beatty seems completely to have missed the point of the more important criticisms of that project. His main argument was that there was nothing new in the scheme; Singapore had been a naval base for many years, and the strategic advantages of its position had always been recognized. But the objection to spending millions on the development of Singapore is not that it represents a new departure in policy, but that it implies adherence to an old one, and takes no account of new conditions. Lord Beatty said that if we could afford to rely on the goodwill of others, Singapore would be unnecessary. The case against Singapore rests on the fact that the decisions, and still more the spirit, of the Washington Conference have created a unique atmosphere of goodwill in the Pacific, which the present scheme is likely to imperil.

OMICRON.

## SIR JOHN HARINGTON

By LYTTON STRACHEY.

AN old miniature shows a young man's face, whimsically Elizabethan, with tossed-back curly hair, a tip-tilted nose, a tiny point of a beard, and a long single earring, falling in sparkling drops over a ruff of magnificent proportions. Such was John Harington, as he appeared in the happy fifteen-eighties, at Greenwich, or at Nonesuch—a courtier, a wit, a scholar, a poet, and a great favourite with the ladies. Even Gloriana herself usually unbent when he approached her. She liked the foolish fellow. She had known him since he was a child; he was her godson—almost, indeed, a family connection, for his father's first wife had been a natural daughter of her own indefatigable sire. Through this lady the young man had inherited his fine Italian house at Kelston, in Somersetshire, where, one day, Elizabeth, on her way to Bath, paid him the honour of an extremely expensive visit. He had felt himself obliged to rebuild half the house to lodge his great guest fittingly; but he cared little for that—he wrote a rhyming epigram about it all, which amused the ladies of the bedchamber. He wrote, he found, with extraordinary ease and pleasure; the words came positively running off the end of his pen; and so—to amuse the ladies again, or to tease them—he translated the twenty-eighth book of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," in which the far from decorous history of the fair Fiametta is told. The Queen soon got wind of this. She read the manuscript and sent for the poet. She was shocked, she said, by this attempt to demoralize her household; and she banished the offender from Court until—could there be a more proper punishment?—he should have completed the translation of the whole poem. Harington hurried off to Kelston, worked away for a month or two, and returned with a fine folio

containing the entire "Orlando" in English, together with notes, a life of Ariosto, "a general allegory of the whole," an "apologie of Poetrie," an "epistle dedicatorie to the Queenes Majestie," and an engraved title-page with the portrait of himself and his dog Bungay. The book was printed in 1591. The exquisite elegance and mature serenity of the original are nowhere to be found in it; but Harington himself, bringing with him the natural abundance, the charming ingenuousness, the early morning freshness of his wonderful generation, comes to us delightfully on every page.

The translation was well received, and the gay young man looked about for new worlds to conquer. Not to be talked of was his only fear. A curious notion struck him. His nose was sensitive as well as impudent, and he had been made to suffer agonies by the sanitary arrangements in the houses of the great. Suddenly inspired, he invented the water-closet. Then, seizing his pen, he concocted a pamphlet after the manner of Rabelais—or, as he preferred to call him, "the reverent Rabbles"—in which extravagant spirits, intolerable puns, improper stories, and sly satirical digs at eminent personages were blended together into a preposterous rhapsody, followed by an appendix—written, of course, by his servant—could a gentleman be expected to discuss such details?—containing a minute account, with measurements, diagrams, and prices, of the new invention. The "Metamorphosis of Ajax"—for so the book, with a crowningly deplorable pun, was entitled—created some sensation. Queen Elizabeth was amused. But then some malicious courtier told her that one of the satirical digs was aimed at the memory of Leicester, whereupon her smiles changed to frowns, the Star Chamber was talked of, and

Harington made a strategic retreat to Somersetshire. "The merry poet, my godson," the Queen declared, "must not come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics." But before very long she relented. With her supreme sense of the practical, she saw that, as she put it, "the marrow of the book" was not entirely ludicrous; she sent down word to the poet that she approved of his invention; and eventually she set the fashion for the new contrivances by installing one of them in Richmond Palace, with a copy of the "Ajax" hanging from the wall.

Harington's next adventure was more serious. He was summoned by Essex to join his ill-fated expedition to Ireland, in command of a troop of horse. In Ireland, with a stretch of authority which was bitterly resented by the Queen, Harington was knighted by the rash Lord Deputy, and afterwards, when disaster came thick upon disaster, he accompanied his leader back to London, and was present at the famous interview between the enraged Elizabeth and her favourite. When she had vented her fury on the Earl, the Queen turned upon Harington. "What!" she cried, "did the fool bring you too?" The trembling poet fell upon his knees, while the Queen, as he afterwards described it, "chafed much, walked fastly to and fro, and looked with discomposure in her visage." Then, suddenly rushing towards him, she caught hold of his girdle. "By God's Son," she shouted, "I am no Queen, and that man is above me!" His stammering excuses were cut short with a "Go back to your business!" uttered in such a tone that Sir John, not staying to be bidden twice, fled out of the room, and fled down to Kelston, "as if all the Irish rebels had been at his heels."

It is clear that poor Harington never quite recovered from the shock of that terrific scene. The remainder of his life passed in ineffectiveness and disillusionment. In the bosom of his family he did his best to forget the storms and shipwrecks of "the Essex coast"; he wrote incessantly; he cracked scandalous jokes with his mother-in-law, old Lady Rogers; he busied himself over the construction of a curious lantern for King James of Scotland. But his happy vein had deserted him. His "Discourse shewing that Elyas must personally come before the Day of Judgment" could never get finished, and he threw aside his "Treatise on Playe" as a failure. His epigrams, no doubt, were more successful; he scribbled them down on every possible occasion, and the most scurrilous he invariably dispatched to old Lady Rogers. She roared with laughter, but omitted to leave him a legacy. He dashed into her house as she was dying, broke open the chests, tried to get possession of everything, and was at last ignominiously ejected by his brother-in-law. King James was equally disappointing. Even the curious lantern, even a learned, elaborate, and fantastic dissertation "On the Succession to the Crown," failed to win him. After he had been a year in London, the new King granted Sir John an interview, but, though his Majesty was polite, he was not impressed. "Sir John," he said, with much gravity, "do you truly understand why the Devil works more with ancient women than others?" And, unluckily, on that, Sir John "could not refrain from a scurvy jest." Nevertheless, though he felt that he had made no headway, he would not despair; a little later, the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland and the Archbishopric of Dublin fell vacant, and the author of "Ajax" bravely requested that he should be appointed to both offices. Oddly enough, his application received no answer. He solaced himself with an endeavour to win the good graces of the young Prince Henry, to whom he addressed a discourse, full of pleasant anecdotes, concerning all the

bishops of his acquaintance, followed by a letter describing "the good deedes and straunge feats" of his "rare Dogge," Bungay—how he used to carry messages from London to Kelston, and how, on one occasion, he took a pheasant from a dish at the Spanish Ambassador's table, and then returned it to the very same dish, at a secret sign from his master.

But in truth the days of Bungay were over, and the new times were uncomfortable and strange. "I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety." There had been jollities and junketings, no doubt, in his youth, but surely, they were different. He remembered the "heroicall dames," the "stately heroyns" whom he had celebrated aforetime—

"These entertayn great Princes; these have learned  
The tongues, toys, tricks of Rome, of Spayn, of Fraunce;  
These can correntos and lavoltas daunce,  
And though they foote it false 'tis ne'er discerned."

More and more his thoughts reverted to his old mistress. "When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every-one did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike." Yes! Those were great times indeed! And now . . . he was "olde and infirme"; he was forty-five; he must seek a quiet harbour and lay up his barque. He lingered at Kelston, impoverished, racked by various diseases; he vainly took the Bath waters; he became "stricken of a dead palsy"; until, in 1612, at the age of fifty-one, he passed into oblivion. And in oblivion he has remained. Nobody reads his "Orlando"; his letters are known to none but a few learned historians; his little books of epigrams lie concealed in the grim recesses of vast libraries; and Englishmen to-day, reflecting on many things, as they enjoy the benefits of a sanitary system unknown to the less fortunate inhabitants of other countries, give never a thought to Sir John Harington.

## NAMES IN DREAMS.

NAMES in dreams raise perplexing problems as to the relative intelligence of the waking and dreaming self. Which is really the more intelligent and wide-awake and perceptive, the prosaic, logical Number One, or Number Two, the dramatist, actor, artist, poet? Number Two certainly sees more than Number One; more is reflected on the film, but then very often he has to call in Number One to explain it. The unimpeded collaboration of Number Two and Number One, the seer and the interpreter—above or below the threshold?—is commonly called genius. But genius is never absolute. Either One or Two is hampered. It seems that complete harmony is unrealizable.

One is apt to think of Number Two, the elusive, poetic, dreaming self, the conjuror with images, as the informing spirit or spark, and Number One, that commonplace, toast-and-bacon-ridden partner, who appears at the breakfast table, as the dull, receptive vessel of clay. Yet Number Two, judged by the standard of Number One, is often as stupid as an owl. In the matter of names, for instance. Number Two in one of his excursions met an elegant elderly lady who styled herself—. He did not catch her name at first; he was too preoccupied in appraising her elegance as she apologized graciously for stopping him on the road and asked him to convey a message to his wife, an invitation to an At Home at her hotel. A *grande dame*, only a little too conscious perhaps of her refinement and distinguished manners. Number Two reminded her as she

held out her hand to say good-bye that she had omitted to mention her name. "I will give my wife your message," he said, "but for whom shall I tell her to ask?"

"Mrs. Thomas Court Hall Court Hall Mark," the lady repeated with slow satisfaction.

But it was too much of a mouthful for stupid, blundering Number Two, who was confused with all these Halls and Courts and Marks.

"If she simply asks for Mrs. Mark," he suggested owlishly, "I suppose that will be enough."

At this the lady drew herself up, increasing at least an inch in stature. There was a hint of sadness and disappointment in her voice as she said, "We generally like both the Courts."

It seems incredible, but even then Number Two saw no symbolism or significance in the name until he woke up and became Number One. He might have dreamed on for ever without understanding why the aristocratic dame liked both the Courts. The commonplace waking self, when he came in, understood it at once, not because he was cleverer, but because he happened to have the key to the script—the crib, so to speak. He had not the wit to invent the name himself.

I remember another problem name in a dream, for a long while a source of bewilderment to Number Two, though this time the key was supplied before he crossed the threshold and gave over charge to Number One. Number Two was watching a Noah's Ark procession of animals at the Durbar of an Indian Prince. The Maharaja was entertaining the Commander-in-Chief, and he had commanded the beasts of his state to pass in double file, unescorted, under his palace windows. Camels, elephants, horses, dogs, cheetas, nilghai, cranes, swans, and geese went by in an unending docile *cortège*, as if they had been marshalled for the function by the Metropolitan Police. But Number Two waited impatiently for the best of beasts, his dear old ugly bulldog, Bob, whose honest face ought to have been at the head of the procession. He turned at last to one of the Maharaja's A.D.C.s. "Where is Bob?" he asked him. "Is it possible they have forgotten to tell him?" And he heard an impersonal voice at his shoulder. "Bob is with Orchardson; don't you know, he never goes anywhere without Orchardson."

But who was Orchardson? The name conveyed nothing to Number Two, nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, nothing until at last he saw Bob rounding the corner in the company of the most hideous, repulsive gorilla he had ever set eyes on, waking or sleeping. Then he knew at once, instinctively, without ratiocination. The gorilla was called Orchardson on the same principle that a nigger is called "Snowball," a figure of speech common to Academicians and cabmen. Naturally, with our Simian ancestor grinning and gaping at one extremity of the span of imaginative antithesis, one would have to figure at the other extremity a being of exquisitely evolved proportions. Yet Number One had never consciously adopted the Academician's idealized young gallants as a standard of symmetry. As for the expression of the antithetical values, he was much too dull for the conceit.

Some of Number Two's names are onomatopoeic. Slum-pocus was an Indian who slowly ascended a spiral staircase, the heels of his soft loose slippers flapping against the stone at every step. Forever was a copper-smith who beat metal through an interminable Indian summer's day. And there are dream names that one never understands, for which neither Number One nor Number Two can supply the key. Perhaps it is with

Number Three. I am beginning to believe that there is a Number Three.

Trivial names, many of them; but where do they come from? The dreaming Number is working in his study when he hears a loud commotion downstairs in the hall, strident male and female voices, strange accents. Then Marie is knocking at the door. She announces American visitors.

"How long are they going to stay?" asks Number Two.

"Oh, until Dean comes."

"And who is Dean?"

"Dean isn't anyone. It's just a name like Jones or Smith. 'Until Dean comes,' means that they will stay as long as they like—for lunch or tea—for dinner, perhaps—possibly for the night."

"Then tell them Dean *has* come," says Number Two. But why Dean? Number Two has no objective friends or acquaintances of the name, nor has anyone of that unsuggestive patronymic impinged on his interior life. Dean will remain a mystery until the end of the chapter—until Number One and Two become Number Three.

There are a lot of queer problems in dreams. How was it that Number Two knew what Bob's companion was called before he saw him? And who was it that whispered "Orchardson"? Are all dimensions flattened out in dreams? Or is there a Number Three, an inmate in the house before Number One and Two have evacuated, who scribbles hieroglyphics on a slate, mostly enigmatical to Number One, though sometimes deciphered by Number Two and partially understood? Picture a composite of Number One and Two and Three, a kind of sentient film that takes in the significance of all that is reflected on it. That would mean genius absolute.

EDMUND CANDLER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE BOMBARDMENT OF CORFU.

SIR,—As an Associate of the British-Italian League, I have received from that body a leaflet containing the following documents, which, the League says, "should leave no doubt as to the real nature" of the bombardment of Corfu:—

"I.

"Telegram from Admiral Solari, commanding the expedition to Corfu, addressed to Admiral Thaon de Revel, Italian Minister of Marine, and forwarded by him to the Italian Naval Attaché, London:—  
Ministry of Marine, 3rd September, 1923.  
Rome.

"33920.—In accordance with further investigations I beg to state that all persons wounded were within the fortress among buildings which had been indicated as garrison soldiers' quarters, and therefore under direct responsibility of the Military Commandant himself, who had declared that he would oppose the landing by force and who had been informed that the fire would be directed on military objectives. Dead 13, wounded 8, of whom 4 severely. SOLARI."

"II.

"Telegram from Admiral Thaon de Revel to the Italian Naval Attaché, London:—  
"34144.—Reference my telegram 33920 I communicate following:

"First.—Very brief bombardment of fort while National Greek flag was flying. stop

"Second.—Bombardment began after conceded time-limit had run out and after three shots blank cartridge had been fired, the Greek Senior Officer Commandant of fort having declared he would make resistance.

"Third.—Fire exclusively directed against fortress with semaphore erected above it. stop.

"Fourth.—Neither Governor of Corfu nor Commandant of fort nor any other representative of Greek Government troubled to inform the parlementaires of the Fleet that the

Citadel, besides being garrisoned by Greek soldiers, was used as a shelter for numerous refugees. stop.

"Fifth.—The Greek Military Commandant of Corfu did not trouble himself, when he received warning, to cause the refugees to take shelter in the numerous subterranean passages of the fort. stop.

"Sixth.—The Military Commandant of the Greek garrison at the first shots of blank cartridge fled away dressed in mufti. stop.

"I transmit to you in its entirety the telegram sent by the English Vice-Consul of Corfu to Athens and to London. stop.

"I have to-day received a visit from an Italian Naval Commander on behalf of the Governor who came to complain of certain statements in telegrams to the Press, and to request that in reporting to my Government I would inform them of the Italian version of what had occurred, after personal inspection in his company of the hospital to which the wounded were removed and of the damage caused in the Citadel. I accompanied him at once to the Greek Hospital where five wounded had been admitted, one of whom had died, and then to the American Orphanage Hospital where eleven wounded had been admitted, three of whom have died. On careful inquiry I ascertained that no wounds were caused by shrapnel or machine-gun fire, as alleged in some Press telegrams. At the Citadel I found Admirals Solari and Bellini, who expressed astonishment that such accusation of barbarity should have been brought against the Italian Navy. They pointed out to me that one 6-inch high explosive shell had been fired into the barracks, which they believed to be occupied by Greek troops, at the main gate of the Citadel. Most, if not all, of the casualties are believed to have been caused by this shell, which scattered fragments and splinters of stone all over the inner courtyard which was crowded with flying refugees who would not have been visible from the ships. All the other shells were directed on the summit of the Citadel Rock where the Greek flag was flying."

Signed, REVEL."

It would not have been difficult for the officials of the British-Italian League to ascertain the following facts:—

1. The number of dead was 21—8 soldiers and 13 refugees.

2. The number of wounded was 35.

3. In the preliminary conversation between the Greek Commandant and the representative of the Italian Admiral, which took place an hour before the bombardment, the Greek Commandant said:—

(a) He had no means to resist, and therefore could not resist.

(b) Had he had the means it would have been his duty to do so.

(c) Though he could not resist, he would not pull down the flag.

4. One of the advisers to the Italian Admiral had been in Corfu in some permanent official post during the war and also a few months previous to the bombardment. He knew the whole town intimately and knew that the barracks had been made over to refugees, only a very few rooms being reserved for the garrison, which for the policing of the whole island consisted of only 180 men. (It is also alleged by the Greeks that in the preliminary conversation with the Italian representative the Greek Commandant had informed him that the barracks were full of refugees.)

5. The Italian fire also destroyed the British Police School. The Italians immediately sent round to inquire whether they had wounded any British instructor in the school, which is in quite a different part of the town from the barracks and is, of course, a purely civilian institution. It was burnt to the ground.

6. It is clear that the telegram from the British Vice-Consul quoted above was dispatched immediately after the bombardment and before the number of casualties was known.

One can hardly believe that an organization of the standing of the British-Italian League, with which men of distinction like Sir Rennell Rodd and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan are associated, would seek to further the cause of Italy by whitewashing the bombardment of Corfu. Probably the leaflet I have quoted was issued in error and will be promptly withdrawn.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD WRIGHT.

## FRENCH POLICY IN THE RHINELAND AND THE RUHR.

SIR,—If History has any lesson to teach us with regard to the events now passing in Western Germany, their rush and clamour would deafen us to her quiet voice. But where subtle historical analogies fail, a recent and almost exact parallel may assist us to estimate the tendencies of the present situation. With a view to the elucidation of certain aspects of French policy in the Rhineland and the Ruhr, may I ask a few apparently obvious and pointless questions, the real bearing of which will appear later?

Where was it, or is it,

(1) that peaceable German citizens are the victims of a subsidized terrorism,

(2) that, although it is forbidden to carry arms, one section of the population goes about armed without molestation from the authorities, while, however, the ordinary German citizen, who really needs a weapon to secure for himself against terrorists the protection which the troops of occupation refuse him, is imprisoned and fined;

(3) that the German police are disarmed and prevented from fulfilling their duty of maintaining order;

(4) that, if by a happy chance terrorists are disarmed by the police or other force, their arms are returned or replaced by others, often of French or Belgian manufacture;

(5) that municipal authorities, though feeling themselves capable of defending their town or village against the forces of disorder, are commanded by the French to surrender their charge;

(6) that travelling facilities and like conveniences are freely granted to anti-German propagandists, while a German Minister or other responsible official finds it impossible to enter the district concerned;

(7) that anti-German meetings are held with the encouragement and under the protection of the French, while German assemblies are forbidden or broken up in the interests of law and order;

(8) that the French, behind the backs of the population, attempt to negotiate with industrialists for a share in their undertakings;

(9) that, in short, whatever and whoever favours French interests is identified with law, order, and the popular will, while every force and person working against those interests is regarded and treated as an agent of iniquity and oppression?

The obvious answer is: "In the Ruhr and the Rhineland." To most it is, perhaps, the only answer. I have purposely, in framing these questions, avoided the use of the word "Separatist," in order to leave room for the parallel I wish to draw. There is a second answer as exactly accurate as the first—namely, "Upper Silesia," where in the name, again, of right against wrong, of democracy against tyranny, of order against disorder, exactly similar conduct and bearing characterized the French administration of the territory which underwent the ordeal of a *plébiscite* that critics have otherwise named a plebicide. The administration was French, for on the Commission sent out to arrange the *plébiscite* and govern the territory before, during, and for some time after the *plébiscite*, the British and Italian sections were entirely subordinated to the French.

For brevity's sake I have limited the number of my questions; they might, however, be multiplied indefinitely without excluding the possibility of the double answer. To one who, as I, had the opportunity of observing during two and a-half years the methods adopted by the French towards Germans submitted to their government in Upper Silesia, the Press reports arriving daily from Western Germany read, so far as the facts are concerned, like a record of events in Upper Silesia during the *régime* of the *Plébiscite* Commission, and especially during that period of it when the French-fostered Polish insurrection of 1921 took place. Then again, criminals crossed the frontier and terrorized peaceable citizens; then again, the French fraternized with and encouraged the criminal elements of the population so far as they supported the French or Polish cause, and so on; the similarity is too arresting to be ignored.

The region of Western Germany with which we are concerned resembles Upper Silesia in three vital respects. It is, first, an important coal-bearing area where commerce and industry have reached a high degree of intricate development. Secondly, it has been, and still is potentially, one of the great German arsenals. Thirdly, it lies on the frontiers of France—for Poland is hardly more than a province of France.

Is it, therefore, unfair to suppose that the considerations which made for the detachment of Upper Silesia from Germany and its attachment to France—or Poland—are equally potent now in Western Germany? Economically, strategically, and politically the apparent advantages of such a course are, if not exactly identical, at least very closely analogous. M. Poincaré professes himself perfectly neutral towards the Separatists, and disclaims all intention of breaking up Germany or annexing any of her territory. That France is still nominally our Ally must serve to explain a British policy which, at least in appearances, is based upon the hypothesis that these professions and disclaimers are true and sincere, and that in Western Germany the French are at worst employing rather eccentric and paradoxical means to a perfectly just and justifiable end.

If England, however, is to play any useful part in the resettlement of Europe, it is time to abandon polite hypotheses and, with Upper Silesia in mind, to act on the principle that where the inducements are the same and the methods pursued are identical, the final purpose—namely, annexation or some practical equivalent—is the same. Head-in-the-sand insincerities cannot help us; an apprehension of fact is in the present emergency of infinitely greater importance than devotion to the sweetest of all fictions.—Yours, &c.,

A. T. SAXTON,  
Late Chief of Commercial Section, Upper  
Silesia Plebiscite Commission.

#### THE POPE, THE LEAGUE, AND AMERICA.

SIR,—It has recently been stated in the public Press that a connection between the greatest religious organization in the world and the League of Nations would do much to re-establish the moral position of the League. It has been also stated that the Papacy and Catholics in the British Isles had done next to nothing to support the League. How far that is true as far as Catholics in the British Isles are concerned is a matter of opinion. Anyone who attended the Catholic Conference at Reading, held a week ago, would be inclined to disagree with that opinion. The Law of Nations, its history, its application to modern times; the position of the Papacy in international affairs; the League of Nations, its successes, its failures, its needs, its relations to Labour, and the best means for Catholics to take to promote justice and peace were all discussed at very great length. A Provisional Committee has been formed to carry into effect the conclusions arrived at at the Conference. This Committee is made up of delegates from the leading Catholic organizations; both men and women are represented, as well as all classes of society. One main factor emerged from the Conference—the desirability of bringing about a *liaison* between the Papacy and the League. Direct representation on the League can apparently not be allowed to the Papacy—for the simple reason that the Papacy is not a Sovereign State within the legal definition of the term.

Another important point was made, namely, that any such *liaison* would at once stimulate the interest of Catholics in the League, and that if, as all Britishers wish, America is to be influenced to play her part in the affairs of the world, and especially in the League, the surest way to attain that desirable end is to influence, through the Papacy, the Catholics in America. How great that influence at the polls can be should be a matter of common knowledge in these islands. Through that influence Grattan's saying—"What you trample on in Europe will sting you in America"—became a reality, and Great Britain was forced to do justice to the oldest and yet the newest of nations—the Irish Free State.

Those who state that the Papacy has done nothing for the cause of justice and peace forget the Appeal for Peace of Pope Benedict XV.; and had the statesmen of the world listened to his advice on Reparations there would have been no Reparations question to-day, no need for another International Conference. Perhaps the reason why no one, or very few, have paid any attention to the great Encyclical of the present Pope Pius XI. on Peace, issued last Christmas, is because in no unmeasured terms has the conduct of the statesmen at Versailles been analyzed. "Peace was indeed signed between the belligerents, but it was

written in public documents, not in the hearts of men; the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society." The tendency of modern ideas is purely material. We are all too apt to consider "Will it pay?" "What effect is this going to have on our national Exchequer?" We ought rather to say, "Is this moral?" "Is this legal and right?" When we speak of right, we forget that right means righteous. Whatever views people may hold as to the Pope being Head of the Universal Church, all will agree that the Pope is the Head of the greatest religious organization in the world, and of the greatest spiritual force.

A *liaison* between the Papacy and the League would help to bring back that spiritual force into everyday international relations. The duty of all just men is to put on the breastplate of justice, and to have their feet shod with the gospel of peace, and to fight the spirits of wickedness in high places; and the spiritual forces of Christianity, of which the Papacy is the greatest centre, can best help us all to realize that peace which passeth all understanding.—Yours, &c.,

M. SIDNEY PARRY.

## POETRY

### MIDSUMMER.

ALONG the sun-baked undercliff  
The white bloom of the blackberry blows:  
The sea shimmers: a salt sea whiff  
Hangs between the high hedgerows.

The lane climbs up from yellow sand  
Through fields of yellowing corn: but steep  
The honeysuckle hedges stand.  
We tunnel through a world asleep,  
Winding a narrow way, until  
A wave of sweet, hay-scented air  
Breathlessly lands us on the hill.

Never stood such a love-sick pair  
In such a place: love never yet  
Paid pleasure such small recompense.  
On a March morning here we met  
Three months ago; and three months hence  
On a September evening we  
Shall part with but one glance of pain.

Within the foxglove bell the bee  
Noisily honey-hunts. Up the lane  
Flashes a dragon fly. Too soon  
The hours rest even in the scale  
And forenoon tilts to afternoon;  
Pale evening weighs down morning pale.

The twelve strokes of the mid-day chime  
Ring through the silence of my brain;  
And folded on the dial of Time  
The hands point heavenward again.  
High at the zenith burns the sun,  
Deep at the nadir night lies drown'd:  
And half the course of love is run:  
Midsummer passes without sound.

I turned a bend and came on you  
In this same lane three months ago,  
Suspended in a gulf of blue:  
Ocean and heaven planned it so.

Three months hence, when we hear the hum  
Of threshing up the combe and see  
Across the stubble gleaners come,  
Let us part gladly, silently,  
And standing in the Autumn haze  
Let fall the gathered sheaf of hours,  
As children after long, bright days  
Turn home and scatter drooping flowers.

GEORGE RYLANDS.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SAMUEL BUTLER

MR. JONATHAN CAPE has begun the publication of the Shrewsbury Edition of the complete works of Samuel Butler with the first two volumes, "Canterbury Settlement and other Early Essays" and "Erewhon" (one guinea each volume). The edition, which will be completed in twenty volumes, is a fine, and in some ways surprising, monument to Butler's literary memory. The books are printed in the Garamond type which, among the old-face types, is winning an increasing popularity from those who have a taste for good printing. They are well bound in blue and white, and will, in the end, make a very handsome "library edition." The edition is limited to 750 numbered sets, and of these 375 are reserved for the British Empire and 375 for America—a significant fact to which I shall refer later.

THE appearance of such a noble monument as this, the complete works of an author in twenty volumes, inevitably turns one's thought to the position of that author in the hierarchy of letters. Butler's position has been, and still remains, a curious one. Only nine years ago a first edition of "Erewhon," containing an inscription in Butler's own hand to Miss Savage, was sold by Mr. Dobell for 30s. It may be said that the collecting mania is so irrationally fickle that it furnishes no safe scale against which one can measure a writer's fame or reputation; but that thirty shillings shows, I think, at any rate that in 1914, twelve years after his death, Butler was still very narrowly known and narrowly appreciated, for otherwise, considering the curious way in which he published his books, the first-edition maniac would have certainly fastened upon his relics. Eight years later the maniac had begun to hear of Butler, for the same copy of "Erewhon" was sold at Sotheby's for £23. The price is still not extraordinary, particularly since the book was destined for America. It indicates, I think, that in the last ten years Butler's reputation has greatly increased, but that he is not yet a widely popular author. The judgment is confirmed by the character of this complete edition. A limited and numbered edition of 750 copies, out of which 375 are to go to America, points to a restricted demand, especially when it is remembered that three at least of the books to be included are now out of print in the ordinary edition.

BUTLER is not, nor will he ever become, a popular writer. When time has had the last word with him and has given him his final and fossilized place in the strata of literature, he will be less popular and in a lower stratum than he is to-day. This judgment is not the result of prejudice or of some lack of sympathy with Butler. In my own private hierarchy of letters, he occupies an extremely high place; he is one of the few writers whom I can always read, and whose complete works I can read with pleasure. His peculiar humour, his dialectic, his precise eccentricities, a certain dryness of mind which seems able to convert so many things to a pinch of fine dust—all these qualities happen to appeal very strongly to me personally. But surely the critic ought sometimes to allow his mind to work undisturbed by his personal likes and dislikes. (I have got into very hot water with at least three distinguished critics because I wrote the other day, in these columns: "If I had to give a candid judgment from these selections upon 'Modern Painters' and 'Stones of Venice' and 'Fors Clavigera,' I should have to say that Ruskin was a very

bad writer with an abominable literary style." None of these critics observed that this judgment is carefully and deliberately qualified, and none of them, in reading me a lecture, referred to the long passage from Ruskin which I quoted in support of the statement. But the fact that I like "Præterita" should not influence my judgment on the style of "Fors Clavigera.")

\* \* \*

BUT to return to Butler. To read, as I did, straight through his early miscellaneous writings collected in the first volume of this edition, and then to go on from them to "Erewhon," gives one a solid basis for criticism. At first sight, it is extraordinary how little of the characteristic Butler of "Erewhon," "The Way of All Flesh," and "The Note Books" there appears to be in the early writings. Only very rarely does one catch a glimpse of the original and satirical mind which later made its temporary home in Clifford's Inn and the British Museum. And yet closer inspection reveals the fact that the foundation upon which the later books were built had already been laid in the Cambridge essays and "Canterbury Settlement." Here is a mind which thinks, not other people's thoughts, but its own—honest, clear, argumentative, singularly unemotional; and here is a style which never sinks below or attempts to rise above a certain level. In "Erewhon," Butler found both a subject and himself. The elaborate satire on English life and society in the nineteenth century gives scope for the qualities mentioned above, and also for his eccentricities, originalities, and humour. Yet it remains in many ways the queerest satire that has ever been written. It is extraordinarily unemotional. With Swift or Cyrano de Bergerac or any other of the writers who have created these inverted Utopias somewhere on the other side of the moon or the mountains, one always feels that they are animated by some human emotion towards the customs or institutions which they are satirizing. They feel anger or indignation or pity or mere amusement at the antics of mankind which they show us through the telescope or microscope of satire. But when Butler describes the Musical Banks or the attitude of the Erewhonians towards disease, it is impossible to detect the least flicker of emotion either towards us and our ways or the Erewhonians and their ways. This makes "Erewhon" a very queer book, for what can be more strange and disquieting than a humourist who is apparently never amused? It appeals to me personally, I repeat; I happen to have a particular liking for cranks, and the explanation of much which is puzzling in Butler should be looked for in crankiness. But this kind of queeriness, crankiness, and unemotional frigidity is bound to narrow the circle of an author's readers. I will not enter upon the question whether it also precludes the book from greatness, whether, in fact, a great book, as some of our modern critics declare, must have something in it capable of appealing to all men. I rather suspect these vague generalizations about greatness and goodness. But in Butler's case, I think, the qualities which prevent him from being widely popular also prevent him from being a great writer. "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh," despite their originality of thought and humour, are not great books, and the reason is that the thought is always twisted a little, and kept from soaring by a twinge of crankiness, while thought, humour, satire, and language, owing to the absence of emotion, lack the warmth or glow which seems inseparable from great literature.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## THE MUMMERS' PLAY.

**The Mummers' Play.** By the late R. J. E. TIDDY, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 14s.)

It is probably no uncommon experience at the present day to have met a man once, some ten or a dozen years ago, at dinner or in some of the other usual casualties of society, and then to have seen and heard nothing of him till you are confronted with posthumous literary work of his. It so happens, however, that this is the present reviewer's first confrontation of the kind. It must have been a year or two before the war that, dining at Magdalen College with Sir Walter Raleigh, I met Mr. Tiddy, whom I think I can recognize from the frontispiece-photograph of this volume taken a little previously. We did not talk much; and the occasion, unfortunately, made the talk almost necessarily rather "shoppy." But I do not think I am inventing after the event when I say that I guessed in him one of those quiet persons who are capable of carrying out—in ways less grim, and, if necessary, not much less—the boast of Till to Tweed in the old rhyme:—

"Though ye rin wi speed  
And I rin slaw,  
Yet where ye drown ae man  
I drown twa."

The extremely interesting memoir and letters which fill no small part of the book show that this idea was not mistaken. It is possible that the presence in the letters of that curious Oxford *εἰσφορά*—which is mistaken by the unwary for "rotting," and must be confessed sometimes to slip into it with feeble folk—may deceive folk as feeble. But the fact that Tiddy, expressing, and apparently to some extent feeling, the sentiments of an extreme Conscientious Objector, not only sought no exemption from active service, but repeatedly forced himself into it, despite physical disqualifications which would have required no actual effort to keep out, and died with the bravest and the most popular, speaks for itself.

The specimen of his literary work which the book contains is as interesting, though in a different way, as this brief memoir of a remarkable, and, one may say boldly, a remarkably English, character. To call it "unfinished" would appear, from the editorial information furnished, to be very inadequate. But Mr. Rupert Thompson, who seems, after others had quailed, to have got Tiddy's lecture-notes, &c., into their present shape, must have a singular aptitude for such a task, and had better be kidnapped and kept to similar ventures for the rest of his life. Anyone acquainted with the subject, or even with its precincts, can, of course, see that a great deal remained to be written; but anyone so acquainted and possessed of reasonable critical faculty will be struck by the way in which almost everything that is written is complete as far as it goes. One is seldom or never "brought up," as one so often is in literary history and discussion, by obvious *non-sequiturs*, theoretical assumptions without facts to justify them, beggings or avoidance of the question. In fact, the wider one's acquaintance with that history is, the acuter will be the sense of what a promising literary historian was lost here. And this sense can concern itself with matter of more general interest than the main theme of the book. It is scarcely excessive to say that no passage of such history, ancient or modern, has elicited more bad criticism than the Elizabethan drama. The sanity and balance of Tiddy's handling of that subject, as it touched his own, are exemplary.

"The Mummers' Play" itself—that curious Christmas amusement which centres round St. George ("King" George, "Prince" George, any George you like) and has existed in country places, from Shetland to Cornwall, for more ages than anyone can count—will doubtless (the remark is more sound than brilliant) appeal differently to different people. Mr. Tiddy does not seem to have alluded, though perhaps he was going to do so, to the somewhat sophisticated version of it which Scott gave a hundred years ago in the notes to "The Pirate" as danced in Papa Stour. But the texts furnished here are no less than thirty-three in number—derived from villages all over England, but chiefly from

the West and the Midlands (with both of which districts Mr. Tiddy was connected by residence or descent), as well as one Irish. They are preceded by some seventy or eighty pages of "Introduction" (chiefly, if not wholly, Oxford lecture-matter), on which the above remarks as to the merits of the book are based. I should particularly like to have had Mr. Tiddy's full consideration of what may be to some people the most interesting feature of the play—the invariable presence and general prominence of the Doctor. St. George we can understand, and the Turkish knight his opponent (Sabra seems to have interested them little), and the Devil, and others. The introduction of contemporary personages at different times is noteworthy, and the occasional lugging in of actual literature (Addison's "Rosamond," &c.) extremely interesting. But the Doctor, on the whole, has the "star" part; and why? Most people, perhaps, will say: "Oh, the travelling quack was sure to impress uneducated folk." Somehow or other, though he admits a certain force in it, this does not satisfy the present reviewer.

Many other points might, of course, be raised. But it will probably be better in the case of a book issued in such peculiar circumstances to say too little than too much of it. Only, let it be repeated that there is no need of any "allowance" in praising the unusual promise shown by the author in regard to the essentials of literary history, and the quite remarkable success with which apparently difficult editorial duties have been performed.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE CHINESE SHOE.

**Lady Henry Somerset.** By KATHLEEN FITZPATRICK. (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, her biographer says, "came into the world with a far larger share of the joy of being alive" than is the lot of most. If that were so, no woman was ever more completely defrauded of her rights. The Victorian age was to blame; her mother was to blame; Lord Henry was to blame; even the saintly Mr. Watts was forced by fate to take part in the general conspiracy against her. Between them each natural desire of a lively and courageous nature was stunted, until we feel that the old Chinese custom of fitting the foot to the shoe was charitable compared with the mid-Victorian practice of fitting the woman to the system. She was a lively child who enjoyed society. And here is an account of one of the most daring dissipations of her youth: "If it is a *mild night* and you have not the shadow of a cold and you and Annie wrap up like *Mummies Hoods* over your heads and hats and veils and *grebe fur* round your throats *after your hood is put on* and you have the large carriage," you may, as a very great indulgence, visit the night school and stay a few minutes. They had no education. Their politics, their friendships, their religion, their occupations from morning to night were dictated to them and enforced upon them in letter after letter, and scolding after scolding, by the most beautiful, the most generous, and the most exacting of mothers.

At last Lady Somers's work was complete, and her two daughters were fit to endure the rigours of English society at its most severe. Lady Isabel, however, had not been quite so effectively trained as her sister. There were corners and crannies still unswept by the harsh broom of convention. She had read Mill's "Liberty" in secret. In the American War she had come out, even at Eastnor, on the side of the North. And, during her first season, when an aristocratic party was playing a game in which each had to say truthfully what was the desire of his or her heart, Isabel had the audacity to declare "To live in the country and to have fifteen children"—that was what she wanted most. "Of all the horrible indecent things for a young girl to say!" Lady Somers exclaimed when they went up to bed. "What do you suppose they will think of the mother who has brought up such an indelicate daughter?" Isabel cried herself to sleep. Yet everyone had laughed; she had thought herself such a success. And a success she must have been. Her letters are full of royalties and Lady Molesworth's ball to-night, Marlborough House next week, Lady Westminster's on Monday, and Lady Wharncliffe's dinner to-morrow; while

in the whole round of gaiety one name recurs again and again—that of Lord Lorne. Lord Lorne was clearly in love with her. One morning Lord Lorne called, and sat watching Mr. Watts, who was painting Lady Isabel as he had painted her mother. Lady Isabel said she was tired, and asked to get down; but Mr. Watts was obdurate; sit she must. At last, Lord Lorne, seeing no chance of a private talk, took his departure. Nothing had been said. Nothing now could be said. For almost directly, Queen Victoria sent for him, and informed him that she had “arranged other plans for his happiness.” It was a bitter blow to Lady Isabel, who refused a great many gentlemen for a great many reasons (one picked the turtle fat off her plate and ate it) before, in her second season, she agreed to marry Lord Henry Somerset. They were married in St. George’s, Hanover Square, and she carried a basket of snowdrops picked in his own garden by Lord Tennyson himself.

Perhaps the most amusing pages in the book are three loose sheets written by the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord Henry’s mother, to one of her sons. The eighteenth century was still in full swing at Badminton. Anything might happen because nothing need be seen. When a gentleman fell drunk to the floor at dinner, sweeping the tablecloth and all the china with him, the Duchess never flickered an eyelid. When the Duke had his mistress’s portrait sent down to Badminton, the Duchess observed that it was a fancy portrait, and proposed to hang it in the drawing-room. Her family protesting, she hung it in the Duke’s bedroom, remarking that it would “be a pleasant surprise for him.” The only moral teaching Lady Henry received from her mother-in-law was to wear white kid gloves “at all times in the house.” Soon the famous catastrophe occurred, and Lady Henry was forced to take those proceedings against her husband which are still, Miss Fitzpatrick thinks, sending subterranean rumblings through the suburbs of Bournemouth. The gentleman who wrote charming drawing-room songs was accused by his wife of a crime “that was only mentioned in the Bible.” For mentioning the sin, which some said she had invented, Lady Henry was cut by a large section of society. Mr. Gladstone never invited her to his house again. A man explained that his wife must cease to know her, not because she had been wrong, but because it was impossible for him to explain why she had been right. Thus, at twenty-seven Lady Henry saw herself “stranded in a backwater.” Although she met the man she wished to marry she refused to seek a divorce, retired to Eastnor Castle, and for the next seven years lived almost entirely alone. It was in these circumstances that she received her call to undertake that work among the inebriates for which she is chiefly known. But we have left ourselves no space to deal with these activities. Nor, indeed, do they occupy much in her biography. When you fit a woman into a shoe, any number of trifles—happiness, work, children—have to be left out.

#### A POETESS AND FIVE POETS.

**Trentaremi, and Other Moods.** By SIR RENNELL RODD. (Arnold. 4s. 6d.)

**Poems.** By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

**Autumn Midnight.** By FRANCES CORNFORD. (Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d.)

**The Day’s Delight.** By GEOFFREY DEARMER. (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

**A Devonshire Garden.** By R. H. FOSTER. (Cape. 2s. 6d.)

**Plumets.** By HENRY ALLSOPP. (Nisbet. 5s.)

SIR RENNELL RODD, in a preface, takes the opportunity “to profess” his “faith in music and in rhythm. The amorphous and the spasmodic are in the nature of freaks that will pass. It is with poetry as with the other arts—we shall return to form.”

Elsewhere, the “amorphous and spasmodic” will be heard crying equally fiercely against the “stereotyped and rigid”; not, as it happens, in this batch of six, none of them Left-Wingers, but loudly enough in other places. It is best to incline to neither view; psychologists now hold that at the back of the most fantastic dream or advanced dementia there always is an orderly orientation and co-ordination of images, though one may be baffled to discover the

principle; so with poetry, amorphousness is, I believe, relative to the constructive ability of the reader’s mind. Spasmodic? *Natura non facit saltum*? But the possibility of discontinuity now recently sanctioned in the science of physics seems likely, in its philosophic implications, to reduce human existence and thought and the poems of Sir Rennell Rodd themselves to a continuous series of discontinuous spasms. Rigid and stereotyped? Though of these six writers two or three, at least, appear to the casual critic as each undistinguishable from the others of their own well-defined poetic groups, these groups assuredly have their own hierarchies. In literary criticism, if we talk summarily of the “Wild Men” or the “mid-Victorians” or the “Georgians,” while so categorizing we cannot, and do not want to, appreciate the position of the individual poet in the group.

Well, Sir Rennell Rodd’s work is polished, urbane, Latin, tactful, friendly. He loves his Horace and rides straight; and when in “Confessional” he begins:—

“Now that I come to pass in stern review  
The chequered record of my restless years. . . .”

we know we must not expect the undiplomatic or realistic revelation of any particular indiscretion.

The selection of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt’s poems was made by Floyd Dell, and approved by the author before his recent death. Blunt was a brilliant, headstrong man, a Sidney who died old and, I think, bitter. His poems recall Sidney’s more than does any other writing I know. The poems of a man of parts who has been a wide traveller read, as a rule, somewhat aridly to those who cannot hear the unrecorded accompaniment of adventure supporting the bare theme, and who cannot visualize the Italianate cloak or Arab robe in which the poet has sat chevalierly writing. Blunt’s and Sidney’s are like this, but Sidney’s later Sonnets to Stella and Blunt’s Sonnets of Proteus stand together as exceptions; passion and unhappiness, for once fixing Proteus in his own serious English shape, are recognizable enough in Blunt’s “Farewell to Juliet”:—

“We vex each other with our presence, I,  
By my regrets and by my mocking face,  
You by your laughter and mad gaiety,  
And both by cruel thoughts of happier days.  
Is then the world so narrow that we pace  
These streets as prisoners still with eyes askance,  
As bound together in the fell embrace  
Of a dark chain which bars deliverance?”

Frances Cornford writes of children, houses and furniture, gardens and hills and sand-dunes, and knows more than a thing or two both about such things and about the technique of writing; her verses have good humour and, in the best sense, good breeding. One moving poem describes how an old nurse heard the wind,

“Like the voice of a child who suddenly misses those only hands  
That understood to make him safe, usual, and warm.”

Now, that adjective “usual” commands our admiration, and it must serve as a text for a short homily on Mr. Geoffrey Dearmer. This poet has withheld his kick for five years since “Poems,” published by Heinemann, which concerned, on the one hand, Gommecourt and W Beach—on the other, marjoram, rue, rosemary, and such. He now appears as a hunter of the thrilling line and perfect lyric, using first the axe and then the file with commendable assiduity. His poetic fellows will recognize the amount of work that has gone to making:—

“The river dawdled silver-clean,  
A lane of mirrored sky,  
Through marsh and lawn of jewelled green  
And restless fields of rye,  
Through haze and heat and round the feet  
Of meadow-sweet July.”

Mr. Dearmer will surely have his reward for work of this silver-clean character, and he will surely be applauded for qualifying “giraffe” with the spectacular oddity “steep,” but I doubt if he will ever take our breath with a word like “usual” in his present straining mood.

Mr. R. H. Foster has no Parnassian intentions, but he wants to tell, and does tell, what it was like to garden in Devonshire with his wife a year or two ago; the runner beans and the apples and the herbaceous border and the drought and the rain and the tale of the rescued Wistaria.

Good, generous stuff; not in the high style, but to be respected.

Mr. St. John Adcock, in a preface to Mr. Henry Allsopp's works, says that the latter is essentially the poet of everyday men and women, and a fine fellow; there is nothing in this volume to suggest the contrary or to hint at any unusual genius or morbidity in Mr. Allsopp, who admits his ambitions easily satisfied in the seemly and accustomed kiss. In which he is luckier than most poets.

ROBERT GRAVES.

#### BISMARCK'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS.

**The Nations of To-day : a New History of the World.—France; Italy; Japan.** (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. each.)

THE new history of the nations of to-day, which is being edited by Mr. John Buchan, is admirably designed to fill a gap in the library of the ordinary citizen. The man in the street wants to understand the international politics which from time to time fill his papers, empty his pockets, and not infrequently terminate his existence, and to do so he must know something of the history which has moulded modern nations, and of the present resources upon which their policies depend. Usually he cannot get these two sets of information in the same book, and, being uninterested in the past as such, and accustomed to find it relegated to textbooks, while the present lurks in newspaper and review articles, he is commonly convinced that the past is dead—a grave error at a moment when France is in the Ruhr because of 1870, and Italy in Fiume because of the Middle Ages. The combination, in this series, of past and present as a coherent whole in one volume shows a very just conception of what history ought to mean to the ordinary citizen. Each book begins with a historical section, which comes up to the present day, and includes an account of the part played by the nation in question in the war, and some of the most important events and policies which have emerged during the peace. There follows a very useful section on economics, with chapters on agriculture, industry, commerce, transport, and kindred subjects necessary to an understanding of the nation's position at the present day. Miscellaneous chapters on defence, population, and other relevant matters complete the comprehensive scheme.

The execution of the books varies somewhat in merit. Only one is the work throughout of a single author, that on Japan, which is in the capable hands of one of the foremost English authorities on the subject, Professor Longford; and it is much the best of the three, being at once very readable, very well informed, and exactly designed to fulfil its function of appealing to the general public. He has succeeded in making a vivid story of his historical section, which is all the more delightful because it deals with events little known to English readers. The reviewer has been particularly charmed to learn that the Japanese ruler whose mythical conquest of Korea in the third century was the precursor of modern Japanese imperialism bore the singularly appropriate name of the Empress Jingo. The two other books are joint-stock productions farmed out among different writers, a method which has its advantage in securing experts for different sections, but inevitably leads to a certain jerkiness and lack of continuity. In the volume on Italy Mr. J. C. Powell gives a competent summary of the extremely complicated history of Italy up to the Risorgimento, where Miss Zimmern takes up the story. Mr. Powell also provides an interesting and well-balanced account of Fascism and other recent social movements, while the war period is described by Mr. W. K. McClure, late "Times" correspondent in Rome, and the economic section is in the hands of Mr. Aldea Cassuto. The volume on France is the most disappointing of the three. The history (with the exception of an admirable chapter on the Third Republic by the late Mr. Moreton Macdonald) is treated on old-fashioned, textbook lines, and bristles with facts and dates and proper names in a way to repel the man in the street for whom it is intended. The other sections vary in value, and some of them are excellent, but there are too many snippets; for instance, the short chapters by Mr. Belloc on "The Land of France," and by Mr. Stephen Gwynn on "French Civilization and Character," are too slight to be of any value, and

only break the continuity of the book. Moreover, it is difficult to see why a work of this kind was provided with a tendentious preface by M. Tardieu. Mr. Buchan, in his sensible introduction on the value of history to the ordinary citizen, quotes with approval Lord Acton's famous epigram, "The great historian now takes his meals in the kitchen," which is perfectly true, but his business there is not to cook the evidence.

The real value of a series such as this is the opportunity which it affords for a comparison of three Great Powers; and how significant do the results of such a comparison appear! Here are three nations as different for a large part of their history as one would think it possible for nations to be, two of them—France and Italy—cousins indeed, but brought up in very different historical nurseries; the third—Japan—growing up unknown to the others save in legend and in trade, and differing from them in tradition, race, religion, and hemisphere. Yet whoever will study the chapters which deal with the history of the last fifty years, the great war, and the organization of national, economic, and military resources, will conceive himself to be reading of triplets, born of one mother in a monstrous birth, and reared in the same schoolroom under the same governess-fate. Indeed, both "birth" and "rearing" seem metaphors almost too human, for these are machines. They are the supreme achievement of an ingenious inventor called Modern Progress, and these books are a study in the manufacture of Robots. The process is seen most clearly in Japan, after Perry's cargo of guns and sewing machines (emblematic of the twin triumphs of Western civilization) had at last brought her to a reluctant conviction of that civilization's essential superiority, and decided her to transform herself into something so exactly like the West that she should be able to beat it at its own game. Followed, according to pattern, democracy, State-patriotism, industrialism, militarism, imperialism, yellow journalism; and, when at last her guns defeated Russia, there could be no doubt that she was a Great Power. France, Germany, England, Italy, the rueful Russia, could recognize her; she was made in their image. So there they stood as the machines of Modern Progress, that inspired inventor, had turned them out, all in a row and as like as peas; all industrial, militant, mechanical, ruthless; all shouting the same things, in the most lifelike manner, through the mouths of little statesmen and journalists; wonderful workers, particularly if given an undeveloped country belonging to a people not yet passed through the machine; marred, however, by an unfortunate tendency to get out of control, run amok and smash up mankind, since the State-machine, from being the servant, had become the master of men. There is an ending to the story, of course. In the end Bismarck's Universal Robots, having destroyed European civilization, began to experience the dawn of a horrible, an irresistible realization that they did not know the formula by which to maintain their own existence, a secret which had somehow been lost in the *débâcle*.

EILEEN POWER.

#### FOUR TRAVEL-BOOKS.

**Unconquered Abyssinia.** By C. F. REY. (Seeley & Service. 21s.)

**The Mystery Rivers of Tibet.** By Capt. F. KINGDON WARD. (Seeley & Service. 21s.)

**A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt.** By GRACE THOMPSON SETON. (Lane. 12s. 6d.)

**The City of Many Waters.** By PETER BLUNDELL. (Arrow-smith. 10s. 6d.)

ABYSSINIA, Borneo, Tibet still offer the writer of travel-books a legitimate field for exploitation, but there is hardly room for another gossip, superficial, pseudo-orientally sentimental volume on Egypt. "One gets out of Egypt, as elsewhere, pretty much what one puts into it," Mrs. Seton explains in her first chapter, not in the least apologetically. This axiom is clear, and it is exemplified by the author most consistently. But the next sentence is not so clear. "If your magic carpet is spread," Mrs. Seton continues, "to catch the beauty, the history, and the mystery of a race which for eighty centuries has striven to arrest the swing of

the universe, then one may learn something of the spirit of this unique people." On discovering this cryptic passage repeated on the wrapper, the unsuspecting reader will probably be persuaded that it is pregnant with meaning. We ourselves were not so sanguine, being used to advertisements of magic carpets. Very few of them when put to the test will lift one's feet an inch from the ground. Mrs. Seton has not spread hers any more effectively. She has the *geste*, but not the magic of the conjuror. We might have guessed it from the frontispiece, in which the author is represented on camel-back trying conclusions in an enigmatic charade with the Sphinx. Mr. Hichens has written a whole novel in which one's sensitiveness to, or insensibility to, the hypnotism of the Sphinx is the abstract theme. One need not be a highbrow to accept the test. One remembers, too, those splenetic passages in "*La Mort de Philae*," so disrespectful to "*les cooks et cookesses*." We hated Loti for them; they were in such execrably bad taste. Still, "*Cookism*" has much to answer for. It is difficult to follow docilely through Egypt a lady who begins by being photographed beside the Sphinx. Prejudice, we admit; but we have attempted to conquer it; thrice, four, and five times we have taken up the book and failed. Still, we do most sincerely respect the tribute that is paid to Mr. Cook, a benefactor to whom we are universally in debt, though few of us are so candid as to admit it. And we have read all the chapters about the feminist movement with curiosity; the new woman in Egypt is at least new.

Mr. Blundell, Mr. Rey, and Captain Ward take us beyond the radius of Cookism. Mr. Blundell's City of Many Waters is Brunei, the ancient capital of Borneo. The Sultan's territory has been added to the British Raj since Mr. Blundell first entered it. He has written an uncommon book of travel, for it hangs together like a connected story. Yet it is no hybrid of fact and fiction, but a true story of an impressionable young man's introduction to a little-known corner of the East. We know of no other book about the Sultanate before it passed into British hands. Mr. Blundell has a delicately developed dramatic sense, which appears to be natural and untrained, though it is probably the effect of conscious art. This and a happy gift of selection make his narrative much more actual than the descriptive efforts of nine travellers out of ten. His book is innocent of statistics, dates, legends, folklore, and other matter which the ordinary traveller is averse to collect; and his characterization of the natives is individual rather than collective. The result is that he has contrived to give us a picture of Brunei and its people—Malays, Chinamen, Sikhs, from the Sultan to the doorkeeper—which bears the stamp of reality. Apart from a little history, we are not conscious of a single deliberately informative paragraph. This is something of an achievement. Mr. Rey's "*Unconquered Abyssinia*" is wholly informative. There is much more description and detail in it; the salient features stand out detached and clear as we read; yet when we have laid the two books aside and forgotten their titles, we are likely to retain a more haunting picture of Brunei than of Addis Ababa, though at Brunei the corpses of the executed do not hang from the trees in the market-place as a warning to malefactors. Mr. Rey has written a full and compact book, over 300 pages of digestible information. The picture he gives us is of a land of violent contrasts. "The Mosaic law, the feudal system, and the most modern ideas jostle each other throughout, and the introduction of the new does not appear to displace, but to survive side by side with the old in the life of a nation that, to quote a recent writer, is young to-day, though it was powerful when the Book of Genesis was written, and was Christian when our ancestors still worshipped Thor and Odin." Mr. Rey has included two chapters on the Church and religion; but what we should like to know is what 1600 years of Christianity has done for the true Ethiop, how far the influence of his faith has distinguished him from his Moslem and pagan neighbours. There is fertile ground here for the inquiring polyhistor.

The title of Captain Ward's book, "*The Mystery Rivers of Tibet: A Description of the little-known Land where Asia's Mightiest Rivers Gallop in Harness through the Narrow Gateway of Tibet, Its Peoples, Fauna, and Flora*," suggests the flaming headline. No doubt this is an innocent device of the publisher to catch sales, for the spirit of the

Yellow Press only infects the cover. The man in the street will be disappointed; not so the traveller and botanist. "And then, quite suddenly as it seemed, the phalanx of trees broke, struggled forward in dismayed attack, and was finally wiped out altogether. We had crossed the frontier of another world." Captain Ward writes simply and directly, and so has been able to communicate his delight in the flowers, the scenery, and the people. The mysterious rivers are the Yangtze, the Salween, and the Mekong, which flow within fifty miles of each other in the corner of Eastern Tibet bordering on Szechuan which Captain Ward visited in his plant-collecting expedition. The mystery lies in the sources of the rivers to which no traveller has yet penetrated. It is comforting to think that a few of "the last secrets" remain unsolved.

## DELIUS.

Frederick Delius. By PHILIP HESELTINE. (Lane. 6s.)

MR. DELIUS, in spite of the long indifference of the British public, has, by pure force of merit, succeeded in winning himself a place of honour in contemporary music. Born of Dutch parents, educated in Paris, Florida, and Germany, he has long been recognized as our leading composer. But till lately his work was seldom heard in this country. Even that high-road to the popular heart, "grand" opera, he trod with so quiet a gait and unobtrusive a garb as to pass unheeded by eyes eager for the giant stride of a Wagner or the hectic prance of a Puccini. Why would not Mr. Delius write operas like other people? the critics cried in chorus. Had he no sense of drama? Why should the lovers drown themselves when they might so easily have lived happily ever after? Or, if their end must be tragic, far better to make the crowd at the fair tear Sali limb from limb and Vrenchen die after a scene of coloratura madness. This was the spirit, if not the letter, of the criticism which greeted Sir Thomas Beecham's successive attempts to launch the "*Village Romeo and Juliet*." The writers were wrong in attacking the plot and form of the opera, but such criticism, though often foolish and irrelevant, did spring from a legitimate dissatisfaction. The music, though almost every bar is exquisite, suffers from a fundamental weakness of backbone which is only emphasized by its harmonic richness. The melodic line is not strong enough to bear its burden of sweet chromatic discord, and as colour succeeds colour on the orchestral canvas, we begin to long for a little firm drawing in black and white. The atmosphere of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" keeps, if anything, even more unflinchingly to one key, and the music is just as "harmonically" conceived; but we are not overwhelmed with continuous chromaticism, and among these rich sequences of ninths and thirteenth our ears are always given a simple open fifth or octave on which to rest. Debussy's music is in far better training than that of Delius. To me, the most moving moment in the "*Village Romeo*" was Vrenchen's folk-song at the beginning of the "dream" act, in which the melody is allowed to speak for itself. In his latest music, to judge from the "*Requiem*" and "*Hassan*," his melodic gift, never his strongest point, seems to be withering, and even his harmony has lost some of its magic bloom. "*Hassan*" was particularly disappointing. One would have expected incidental music to bring out all Mr. Delius's strength and none of his weakness. The lovely brocade-like quality of his music, and its power to suggest scents and spices, are ideally suited to "*Hassan*."

Questions of structure would not arise in a series of short pieces whose object would be to enhance an atmosphere peculiarly sympathetic, one would have thought, to Mr. Delius's genius. But he has mistaken the commonplace for the unobtrusive, and in the accompaniment to *Hassan*'s serenade and the setting of the Golden Journey to Samarkand he has given us two of the weakest things he has ever written, two bouquets culled from a Persian Garden. But every composer has his lapses, and in fairness be it said that there is one lovely entr'acte and an effective funeral march.

If I have given a somewhat derogatory estimate of Mr. Delius, it is only to urge those who wish to hear the other side to read Mr. Heseltine's book. Mr. Heseltine is not only an authority on Mr. Delius, but also a first-rate musician; not only a musician, but a writer of good English. As a

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biography alone his book is well worth reading, especially for the account of Delius's life in America and in Paris, where he was a friend of Gauguin and Strindberg. Mr. Heseltine, in his estimate of Delius as a composer, says much that is true and illuminating both about his hero and music in general. Yet he must be convicted of special pleading. When he criticizes Delius's music it is in the tone of one remarking on a nod of Homer. His conscientious abuse of such works as the "Requiem" subtly exalts the standard of perfection from which they have fallen. And when he praises, he does so in a casual way. "Beethoven, Wagner, and Delius," he says, trying to inveigle us into his conspiracy, and under the flow of his eloquences we almost yield. The beauty of the parts in Mr. Delius's best works is sufficient to justify the most extravagant praise. It is in the whole that we feel that weakness of structure to which even Mr. Heseltine's subtly panegyric pen cannot shut our eyes.

ANTHONY ASQUITH.

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**The Inevitable Millionaires.** By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

MR. ROWLAND KENNEY is an artist. He writes with extreme simplicity and restraint, his style is good, and his technique is good also. At present, perhaps, he is rather biased in favour of subjects whose cruelty and violence are calculated to throw into relief the detachment of his manner; yet it is only when we take the book as a whole that we begin to ask ourselves if the dice have not been loaded. Mr. Kenney finds his material in the nether world; he writes of navvies, tramps, outcasts, thieves, persons of explosive and primitive passions, but even so, one cannot help feeling that he might have found in this world an occasional ray of light, spiritual, or even physical, to relieve the tension of its gloom. One has a sense of a heavy, blood-bespattered darkness, against which, as against a curtain, savage and half-dehumanized figures are seen struggling with and rending one another. It is impossible, surely, that life for any section of the community can be just what Mr. Kenney describes and no more. This may be the objective appearance, but the subjective reality cannot quite coincide with the appearance; otherwise that life could hardly continue. "Preparing for Passengers," "Crump," "A Confession," "Doc"—the gloom of these things is inevitable; but in "Nipper Ricky," in "Nailed," even in "Maisie," are not the shadows just one or two degrees blacker than they need be?—while "The Flame," being sheer horror, has no significance whatever. Probably the best story of the collection is "A Girl in It." This story is quite as dreadful, quite as tragic as the others, but in it our poor humanity is at least allowed some chance to justify itself. And on that account the story is all the more moving, is fuller and richer, less anecdotal. Very welcome, for a similar reason, is the note of fantasy in "Ace of Hearts Brad," for there is no doubt that the squalid setting and violent dénouement which mark so many of Mr. Kenney's tales tend by repetition to blunt the reader's susceptibility. Thus, the thrill of "Shunted," or "A Confession," would probably be a good deal sharper had not "Passengers" and "Nipper Ricky" already more or less prepared us for it. One is led to make these criticisms, not through any lack of appreciation of Mr. Kenney's stories, but precisely because these stories reveal a talent quite out of the common. Mr. Kenney really can write; his work has distinction as well as great dramatic power; it should not be passed over. A word of thanks must be given also to the publisher. It is rare to find a work of fiction produced so tastefully and with so pleasing a page.

Rather odd, it seems, just after closing Mr. Kenney's volume, to come across this sentence in Mr. Van Vechten's "Blind Bow-Boy": "She wrote about high life, the very rich—and who wanted to read about any other kind of life? Certainly not the rich, or the middle classes, or the poor." It is true that it is not Mr. Van Vechten, but his heroine

Campaspe, who expresses the opinion; but it is certainly Mr. Van Vechten who writes the kind of book Campaspe wants—a book in which everyone is wealthy, completely selfish, agog for excitement, devoted to the pursuit of pleasure and the very newest of new art. One hopes that it is all a satire, though it must be confessed there is little ground for such a hope. "I have no friends," the Duke of Middlebottom confides in Campaspe as they are talking together in his private theatre, "only people that amuse me and people I sleep with. The people that amuse me are all in the play. The theatre isn't big enough to hold the others." It is for this play that Campaspe's friend Bunny has written an overture:—

"It was a new kind of music, contrapuntal jazz, in which saxophones whistled and shrieked and groaned like hysterical school-girls telling lewd experiences. . . . Flutes cried out in the tones of insane criminals. . . . Anybody must be a genius who could stir her as this music was stirring her. She was drenched, nay, submerged, in merciless floods of clang-tints: unnameable sins obsessed her consciousness."

"Unnameable" strikes one as a little weak, especially for a person of Campaspe's peculiar erudition. There is nothing new under the sun, and the ideas and ideals of her "set" seem to be very much those that prevailed at the feast of Trimalchio.

In "The Cimbrians," excellently translated by Mr. Arthur Chater, Jensen continues his epic of "the white man," which he began in "The Long Journey." Naturally, so large a work has its dullnesses, but where, as in the flight and idyllic forest-life of Gest and Dart, it is more detailed, the story is vivid and charming.

Of "The Inevitable Millionaires" it will suffice to say that this time Mr. Oppenheim gives very poor value.

FORREST REID.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

**Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas More."**  
 Papers by ALFRED W. POLLARD and Others. (Cambridge University Press. 10s.)

VISITORS to the excellent Shakespeare exhibition at the British Museum last summer had a chance to see the addition to the play of "Sir Thomas More"—one of several demanded by the Censor—which is thought to be in Shakespeare's own hand. The contention is not new, having been started in 1870, and recently well argued by Sir E. Maunde Thompson; but this latest monograph, which is full of learning and ingenious research, strengthens greatly the claim for Shakespeare. A very good case is made out on the admittedly scanty evidence of the hand he wrote. We possess but six signatures, and these belong to the last years of his life, are written in failing health, or abbreviated.

The authors, however, of this study show that the 147 lines added to "Sir Thomas More" bear a remarkable resemblance to the signatures in points or fads of writing not discovered elsewhere in a wide survey of Elizabethan hands, and the inquiry is carried into details of the whole alphabet by Sir E. Maunde Thompson. He is further supported by the ingenuity of Mr. Dover Wilson, who finds that the good Quartos, now claimed to be set up direct from Shakespeare's MS., have just the sort of slip that the More hand makes it easy to make, and the same old-fashioned spelling. Thus, Master Silence is "Scilens" in "2 Henry IV.," and this odd spelling is in the More MS., though not known elsewhere. A pretty exact similarity in two hands due to men of different age and education was known to us in former years, but this is a solitary case in hundreds of hands that we have seen. The deliberate copying of hands by younger admirers of the person who wrote them is also well known to us. But, barring these possibilities, which may be considered far-fetched, we may agree with some confidence that Shakespeare did write these 147 lines. Correspondences between them and his later plays have long been realized by careful students, and Prof. R. W. Chambers now comes forward to show that they are amply and uniquely Shakespearian, in the views they take of authority and the people, the arguments More uses, and his actual words and phrases. These are echoed in Shakespeare's

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later plays, and such echoes are a distinct feature of his work. If you had your way, says More to the mob, in time—

"... men like ravenous fishes  
Would feed on one another."

Coriolanus tells his "dissentious rogues" that the noble senate is abused, who—

"... keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another."

Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida" has the same idea, that appetite unchecked—

"Must make, perforce, an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself."

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"this your mountanish imbecillity,"

and a footnote explains that none of the proposed emendations, "mountanish," &c., is "at all satisfactory." This seems to us mere pedantry. Dyce's emendation, "mountanish," giving "un" only three minims, satisfies us. For Mr. Dover Wilson shows that slips in minims are usual in the Quartos, and we note that "Coriolanus" (II, 3, 127) has the phrase "mountainous error." The Shakespearian interest minimizes others, but specialists will value Mr. Pollard's remarks on the play and its date. He combines scholarship with a certain liveliness unknown to some English and most German authorities.

VERNON RENDALL.

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By the end of the eighteenth century Beccaria, Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists had persuaded most people that

torture, at any rate excessive physical torture, was undesirable; but, to take the case of England alone, the law remained excessively savage, and was applied by judges many of whom must have delighted in cruelty. Sir Samuel Romilly's efforts for reform were persistent. His opponents included peers, bishops, and judges. Lord Ellenborough thought that transportation for life (which he called "a summer airing by an easy migration to a milder climate") was not sufficient to deter a person from stealing objects valued at five shillings from a shop. But in some cases the very savagery of the law defeated its own ends. Juries sometimes did not convict. Prosecutors who wished to avoid the extreme penalty were driven to curious shifts. In the "Times" of October 21st, 1823, we learn that two women had stolen a guinea and a sovereign. "The property in the indictment was said to be worth ten pence!" Things are better now, but who can doubt that our punishments are often unduly savage? What will our descendants think of us?

Bentham is much better known. Sometimes, as when he is protesting against "the wisdom of our ancestors," he is splendid; sometimes, on the other hand, his curious style, his strange expressions (*felicific calculus*—incognoscibility of the law), his exaggerations, make us feel that he is merely a clever child. But his unceasing activity devoted to the purpose of legal and social reform achieved great things; many of his suggestions have borne fruit. Dr. Phillipson's catalogue of them extends over more than a page; and the new law (which should come into force in 1925) under which remote relations do not take on intestacy is one of Bentham's suggestions.

It was a happy thought to combine these three essays into one book. The similarity of the general purpose—humanitarianism—contrasts strangely with the differences between the characters, lives, and methods of these three great men. We ought all to know their lives and their teachings. Their work is not yet complete, but if it had not been for them the world would undoubtedly be an even worse place than it is to-day.

C. P. S.

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papers is important because in them one sees fairly clearly the kind of mental attitude and the sort of considerations which led to that philosophical position. In our attempts at controlling nature we form notions which are useful for that purpose, and then we tend to pay our attention to the notion, instead of to its function; it may be said that the understanding of what, say, force *is*, is the same thing as the understanding of what force *does*. It is about the clarification of our ideas that Mr. Peirce makes his most interesting remarks; it is here that one sees what a brilliant mind he had, and how independently he could think, while on other subjects he often seems to be extraordinarily obtuse. He devotes a great deal of space to the exposition of the frequency theory of Probability, and in spite of the fact that, in the light of further work on the subject, one cannot agree with what he says, yet it is worth reading on account of the very individual way in which it is expressed. The collection published in this book contains articles written for philosophical magazines; it is unfortunate that the editors left out the important work on Symbolism which appeared in the early volumes of the "Monist." The writings which are included are a curious mixture of respectable dullness, lightened by occasional flashes of genius.

\* \* \*

**Russia and Peace.** By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

THIS is a valuable book which deserves to be read by everyone who is concerned at the political and economic plight of Europe. Dr. Nansen can speak with authority about Russian conditions. His book consists mainly of facts showing the economic conditions in that country. He does not, however, hesitate to give us his own conclusions: that Russia is convalescent, and will, even if left to her own resources, make a slow and painful recovery, but that that recovery can be greatly expedited if the resumption of normal economic and other relations between Russia and other countries be encouraged.

\* \* \*

**Don Juan de Marana.** By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Werner Laurie. 63s.)

HERE is Mr. Bennett joining Mr. Moore and Mr. Conrad at three guineas, privately printed, in grey and white covers and on the thickest hand-made paper. The book presumably is intended for consumption by millionaires and book-collectors, and there is little more to be said about it.

\* \* \*

**Scottish Pottery.** By J. ARNOLD FLEMING, O.B.E. (Glasgow: MacLehose & Jackson. 25s.)

MR. FLEMING admits that "perhaps our cautious Scottish temperament is not imbued with the necessary passion for such creative work as pottery," and very wisely he does not attempt any æsthetic justification of the dull products of the Scottish kilns. Nine-tenths of the material belongs to the post-Wedgwood period, and the disastrous blight which supervened everywhere when that Milton of English pottery had had his day is nowhere more evident than here. However, Mr. Fleming is a cheerful and a thorough pioneer, and the history of the Scottish potteries is now for the first time made available. So long as he remains in his own country the author seems to be in every way trustworthy, but when he strays beyond his immediate subject he is not so reliable. To say that "delft-ware" (which is tin enamelled earthenware) was "invented towards the end of the seventeenth century to imitate the Chinese porcelain ware then coming from China and the Dutch East Indies" is an astonishing misstatement, post-dating the "invention" by something like a millennium, and even the Dutch adoption of it by a century. Two dishes illustrated on plate X and "attributed" to a Glasgow factory are as Dutch as Dutch can be.

\* \* \*

**Second Chambers in Theory and Practice.** By H. B. LEES-SMITH. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THE time will come presumably when some Government will be forced to grasp the thorny problem of reforming the House of Lords. For anyone who wishes to understand this problem, Mr. Lees-Smith's book should be of the greatest use. He deals with the theory of Second Chambers, and surveys those actually in existence in the Dominions, France, the United States, Norway, and Ireland. He gives his own conclusions that the Second Chamber should be elected by the Lower House, and that it should be entrusted with the right, not to defeat legislation, but to suggest amendments and to secure sufficient delay in order that the suggestions may be properly debated.

## THE DRAMA

### THE NEW SHAKESPEARE EFFORT.

Kingsway Theatre (Mr. Calthrop's Season):  
"Twelfth Night."

THE campaign in favour of making London safe for civilization by instituting a Shakespeare theatre north of the Thames has been conducted with such violence by a small number of persons that it really seems to have attained its object. Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Donald Calthrop have taken over the Kingsway Theatre for seven years, chiefly for the purpose of performing the works of Shakespeare. A terrible "reproach" has been removed from our midst. This is a subject of rejoicing, and their first banquet served up for our diversion is a subject for rejoicing too. The house was quite decently full the night I went, and the audience enjoyed themselves thoroughly—which, too, was a subject for rejoicing.

It is presumably inevitable that a manager, when in doubt, should put on "Twelfth Night." It is certainly the most delightful romantic comedy in the world, and, almost alone among Shakespeare's plays, contains nothing "unpleasant." Shakespeare was in a very good temper when he wrote "Twelfth Night." Also, up to a point, the play acts itself. It can hardly be a complete frost. The strain on the critic, however, is well-nigh intolerable. He has seen so many performances of "Twelfth Night." He has discussed it from every point of view. He has aired his opinions about Malvolio, laid down the law about Sir Toby, and waxed so often eloquent about the cloud-cuckoo land of Illyria, that he can have nothing left to say. He must have a rest till Mr. Calthrop tackles some less frequently acted play.

The most important point to be observed is that Mr. Calthrop has set about his job the right way. He intends to act Shakespeare at his Shakespeare theatre. For "Twelfth Night" there was a back-cloth and a curtain, and the play ran straight on in front of and behind the curtain in limpid Elizabethan fashion. There are going to be no cumbrous, jolting properties at the Kingsway Theatre, no shuffling of the order of the scenes, no excision of the text to make room for the cleverness of the producer. Another reason for approval was the improvement in the recitation of the blank verse. Acting and recitation are perhaps the most transitory of the arts. In no other walk of æsthetics is one generation's meat so emphatically another's poison. Are we sure that we could stand Kemble or Kean or Phelps or even Garrick or Mrs. Siddons to-day? We want to hear poetry recited quickly and quietly with a due respect for the rhythm of the poet. In fact, we want to hear the author at work through the medium of the actors. Modern taste will, in this matter, be gratified by Mr. Calthrop. There was a slight conflict of declamatory styles which was occasionally irritating, but usually the lines were simply and cleanly spoken—we were not treated to that appalling theatrical elocution which has excoriated the ears of so many playgoers. The success of the evening was undoubtedly the Viola of Miss Dorothy Cheston, who was charming in herself and spoke her lines beautifully. Also she was very sensibly dressed so as to give her a boyish rather than an exaggeratedly epicene appearance. Some of the actors rather shambled through their parts, and many will regret not to see repeated the triumphant Maria of Miss Margaret Yarde. Still, the general level was quite high. In some ways, Mr. Calthrop has been conservative. He has tried no brilliant new stunts, but has contented himself with being sensible and straightforward. The dresses were agreeable and not over-emphasized, and though the simple scenery might have been more beautiful, it was never in the least offensive. To sum up, this performance of "Twelfth Night" was not a work of genius, but it was on the right lines. If, as is to be hoped, Mr. Calthrop's season succeeds in developing into a

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**TOLSTOY THE TEACHER.** By CHAS. BAUDOUIN, with hitherto unpublished documents supplied by PAUL BIROUKOF. 4/6 net.

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**JOHN MAITLAND, Duke of Lauderdale:** 1616-82. By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot. 4 Portraits. 15/- net.  
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permanent institution, Londoners will, at any rate, have an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare and not an unwholesome substitute. Everybody, even those who are a trifle bored with "Twelfth Night," should go to this production, if only to encourage Mr. Calthrop to continue.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## MUSIC

### "A CENOTAPH IN SOUND."

It was almost a hundred years ago that old Signor Spontini led young Herr Felix Mendelssohn to the window of his house in Berlin, and, pointing to the dome of the Hedwigskirche opposite, said solemnly, "Mon ami, il vous faut des idées grandes comme cette coupole." Felix, then aged seventeen, appears to have felt rather hurt; but the fact remains that his ideas, lovely as they were, were never of the monumental order. Yet St. Hedwig's dome is not so very large, as domes go. We have larger ones in London—e.g., that of the reading-room of the British Museum. If an English composer had ideas—one idea, even—as big as that! But it is more likely to have been in Kensington Gore, near the statue of Goethe with the Four Grey Women on the Four Beasts, that the ghost of Spontini tried the same old advice on Mr. John Foulds.

The result was the "World Requiem" produced at the Albert Hall last Sunday night with a chorus and orchestra of over a thousand. It is not a Requiem Mass, but a "Requiem" after the fashion of Brahms and Delius, that is, a cantata on the subject of death. Its libretto is taken from a variety of sources, and its theology is pleasingly cosmopolitan, as it has need to be since in one of the movements it calls upon "You Greenland, Kamschatkan, Laplander! You Missourian, Texan, Kentuckian, Mexican!" together with a concatenation of various other ethnological specimens whose names are equally difficult to articulate (though Mr. Herbert Heyner read out the catalogue with great aplomb), to be of one mind. And although the association in one breath of the African, Roman, Abyssinian and Greek might, at first sight, seem to be an allusion to the Early Christian Churches, the obviously liturgical style is hardly at all perceptible either in the words or in the music of the cantata. The universality of its appeal may be judged from a section in which some of the voices sing of the "Land of Beulah" while others invoke "Elysium" simultaneously against a persistent background of "Holy, Holy, Holy," ejaculated by the chorus to a sequence of chords which recalls the Venusberg. Mr. Foulds is a very well-read musician, and in some directions a most accomplished one. The work is conceived on a colossal scale, and if it cannot be called a colossal piece of architecture, it is certainly a very colossal piece of scene-painting. For Mr. Foulds produces an illusion of construction rather than construction itself. The Requiem Mass of the Catholic Church—witness the settings of Cherubini, Mozart, Verdi, and Stanford—presents the composer with an incomparable opportunity in the "Dies Iræ." That movement forms a great block of buildings which in all these great settings is the central and most imposing feature of the whole work. Mr. Foulds's rather heterogeneous libretto offers him no such opportunities; but as he was free of any ecclesiastical limitations, it is only reasonable to suppose that he planned his words, as any sensible composer naturally would, to suit the musical design which he had in view.

He has preferred a series of short movements, each making its own emotional climax. They are run on continuously throughout each of the two parts into which the work is divided, but they have no broad conception of plan. On the other hand, Mr. Foulds shows remarkable ingenuity in piling up brilliantly effective climaxes of short length out of singularly insignificant thematic

material. The word "climax" is indeed peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Foulds's method, for in almost every example his phrases rise in pitch with the assured regularity of a staircase. The method may be obvious, but it gives at any rate a sense of safe building.

In the solo passages the music often becomes vague and rambling. In the instrumental episodes, which are fortunately rare, it is tedious and at times trivial. It shows neither originality of invention nor distinction of style. Mr. Foulds is not afraid of the obvious, and in criticizing his work it must always be borne in mind that it is intended to make a broad, popular appeal. At a few moments it makes an appeal of this kind in a way that one can honestly respect and admire. Indeed, it is in these obvious appeals to popular emotion of an utterly simple kind that the composer is at his best. Out of the many influences which we can trace throughout the work, that of Gounod is prominent; but there is a stronger influence still—Stanford. The Gounod influence is positive; Stanford's for the most part negative, inhibitory. Of Stanford's massive sense of proportion Mr. Foulds knows nothing; nor yet of his nobility of style. But he has learned some dodges of him, and he has learned to behave with propriety. He is never blatantly vulgar, never sloppily sentimental, and that is a good deal to say of a composer who deliberately sets out to make a broad, popular appeal. It is more than can be said of certain English composers who are already being exalted as the restorers of England's ancient musical glory. Not even the contralto solo, to whom is allotted, needless to say, the section headed "Consolatio," is given a chance of laying it on with a trowel. Mr. Foulds's stage directions, which he writes in English but not in Graingerese, are often curious, as when he invites the sopranos to sing "celestial." Does this mean that, after the principle of the "voix célestes" of the organ, one row is to sing a shade sharp and the other a shade flat? But for the most part there is a refreshing spirit of common sense about them. "Simple and in tempo"—"solemn but not slow"—"inflexible tempo, not dragging"—"tempo absolutely undeviating until the end"—Mr. Foulds is determined to make his music go ahead.

Even in the recitatives, he will have no loitering. It was the only way to disguise their patchiness, and the commonplace quality of some of his would-be dramatic effects. When he called upon the various nationalities with fanfares of trumpets and trombones in different parts of the building, he forgot that the orientation of the Albert Hall is aligned not to the Rising Sun but to the Imperial Institute, so that his fanfares to the North and South were addressed to W.8 and S.W.7 respectively. In any case, all this trumpeting makes a poor show compared to that of Verdi's "Requiem." Another very curious episode occurs in the "Hymn of the Redeemed," where a chorus of tenors and basses sing "Amen" and are answered by a chorus of "boys and youths" (the latter also tenors, although the tenor voice is extremely rare among adolescents) who sing not "Amen" but "Ah-oo-m" several times. Is that the way "Amen" is pronounced in higher regions? or is "Ah-oo-m" (Mr. Foulds's score leaves no doubt as to his demand for these exact sounds) some mystical invocation from the East?

The "World Requiem," in spite of many weaknesses and absurdities, does, on the whole, succeed in making an imposing general effect. There are moments which amuse, there are stretches of complete boredom; but it is free from affectations. When one thinks what tricks certain devout-minded composers would have played with plainsong, with chorales à la Bach, hymn-tunes à la Sullivan, or even folksongs, one feels gratitude and respect towards Mr. Foulds's naïve and simple musicianship. A so-called "synthetic melody" (the adjective must not be interpreted in the sense in which it is applied to rubber—it appears to mean merely that the melody is played by all the instruments together, as far as the compass of each permits) very nearly led him to take Jupiter for his guiding star, but Brahms came to the rescue. The secret of Mr. Foulds's success is the same as that of Mr. Boughton in "The Immortal



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Hour." It is not the "golden shimmering" of his much talked-of new instrument, the *sistrum* (which appears to be much the same thing as our old friend "Jingling Johnny"), that makes his music convincing, but the fact that he expresses the best of himself in terms of human voices. Mr. Foulds was well served by his singers in all departments, notably by the young-eyed cherubim in the gallery, who sang superbly. He is, too, a thoroughly capable and practical conductor. Thanks to good singing and straightforward conducting, the florid vocal writing produced its full effect. Although the influence of Bach is never apparent in the obvious way, it is from the Mass in B minor that Mr. Foulds has learned the value of high voices moving in rapid triplets of thirds and sixths. This was apparent in the chorus "But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation," and still more so in "Jubilatio," "Ardour" and "exhilaration" are the qualities which the composer demands, and in this latter number he certainly achieved their expression with overwhelming effect. The rhythm of the words, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers," taken at a natural rapid *tempo*, sets up a rhythmic movement which carries all before it. Bach did the same sort of thing in "Cum Sancto Spiritu" and "Et resurrexit"; the conductor who tries to make Bach "devotional" simply ruins him. Mr. Foulds drove ahead to the utmost limit of the singers' capacity for articulation: the result was magnificent. And whatever persons of nice taste may think of Venus in the Land of Beulah, there is no denying the fascination and beauty of this music. When he comes to the "elect angels" it is certainly a little surprising to find the harmonies of Mr. Cyril Scott accompanying them, until one remembers that Mr. Scott derived them in the first instance from Gounod. And Gounod is, after all, the presiding genius of "cette coupole."

EDWARD J. DENT.

## THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

A SUCCESSOR to "The Owl" of 1919 is announced by Mr. Cecil Palmer. It is called "The Winter Owl," is edited by Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. William Nicholson, and is a miscellany of prose, poetry, and coloured lithographs. The writers are Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Davies, Mr. T. E. Lawrence, Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Turner, and several others; the pictures include some unpublished sketches by Randolph Caldecott and "An Illustrated Letter" by Burne-Jones, as well as work by contemporaries. The published price of "The Winter Owl" will be 12s. 6d.

A NEW and larger collection of short stories by Mr. Martin Armstrong, entitled "The Bazaar, and Other Tales," is to be brought out early in 1924 by Mr. Cape.

MR. KIPLING's new volume of stories with verses interposed is intended for the young, and will be ready with Messrs. Macmillan next Friday at the innovatively moderate price of 4s. The title is "Land and Sea Tales."

AT the close of the month the Nonesuch Press edition of letters from W. H. Hudson to Mr. Edward Garnett will be issued. These letters are described as being chiefly upon contemporary literature, with many naturalist passages. One thousand copies are being printed. Another limited edition to be put forth by the Press at the same time is "Ten Sermons by John Donne," chosen by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes.

LENGTHY and seasonable lists of new books at reduced prices are just issued by Messrs. Glaisher, High Holborn, and Messrs. Grant, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh. It is remarkable to see the chances in "books that no gentleman's library should be without" that occur. In Messrs. Glaisher's catalogue one notes (at random) the *Medici*

Society's "Malory," Macaulay's "History" in the fine edition of C. H. Firth, and E. H. Coleridge and R. E. Prothero's "Complete Byron." A glance at Messrs. Grant's discloses Arber's "Term Catalogues," a number of volumes of "Book-Prices Current," Warner's "Imperial Cricket," Seebohm's "Turdidae," and so on.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Sun. 18. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Can Poverty be Abolished?" Sir George Paish.
- Mon. 19. King's College, 5.30.—"Gem Minerals and their Uses," Swiney Lecture I., Dr. W. T. Gordon. Royal Institute of British Architects (1, Wimpole St.), 8.—"The Rebuilding of Ypres," Mr. G. T. Forrest. Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Cultivation of Cocoa in British Tropical Colonies," Lecture II., Mr. S. H. Davies.
- Tues. 20. University College, 5.30.—"The Present State of Germany," Prof. J. H. Morgan. University College, 5.30.—"Epochs in the History of Marine Engineering," Capt. E. C. Smith. Zoological Society, 5.30.—"Notes on the Living Tarsiers," Mr. W. E. Le Gros Clark; and other Papers. Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—"The Effect of Groyning on Parts of the English Coast," Mr. R. F. Grantham; and another Paper. Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Inhabitants of Inner Mongolia," Mr. L. H. D. Buxton.
- Wed. 21. Royal Meteorological Society, 5.—"Attempts to Measure Air Temperature," Mr. L. F. Richardson; and other Papers. Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Development of the Severn Valley," Dr. L. J. Wills. King's College, 5.30.—"Gem Minerals and their Uses," Swiney Lecture II., Dr. W. T. Gordon. University College, 5.30.—"The Life and Work of the late Louis Couperus," Dr. P. Harting. University College, 6.15.—"The Part of Statistics in Civic Education," Lecture IV., Mr. H. Higgs. London School of Economics, 7.30.—"The Liberal Party and Education," Addresses by Sir John Simon and Miss Violet Markham. Central Hall, Conference Hall, Westminster, 8.—"International Politics," Prof. R. C. Beazley. Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Forgeries of Ancient Stained Glass," Mr. J. A. Knowles.
- Thurs. 22. Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Carbon Arc Spectrum in the Extreme Ultra-Violet," Part II., Mr. F. Simeon; and other Papers. London School of Economics, 5.30.—"Great Britain and Europe," Mr. F. S. Marvin. Kingsway (Lecture) Hall, 8.—"Anthroposophy and Art," Mr. Arild Rosenkrantz.
- Fri. 23. King's College, 5.30.—"Gem Minerals and their Uses," Swiney Lecture III., Dr. W. T. Gordon. University College, 5.30.—"The City Churches and their Endowments," Lecture I., Miss E. Jeffries Davis. University College, 5.30.—"The Effect of Weather on the Crops," Lecture III., Mr. R. H. Hooker. Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Hygiene and Architecture," Chadwick Lecture III., Major H. Barnes.

## THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### RELIGION.

- ALEXANDER (Archibald). By Sun and Candle-Light. Allenson, 5/-.  
BALMFORTH (H.). Is Christian Experience an Illusion? Student Christian Movement, 4/-.  
\*CHESTERTON (G. K.). St. Francis of Assisi. Hodder & Stoughton, 2/6.  
COUTTS (J. W.). The Gospel and International Relations. Student Christian Movement, 4/-.  
GASQUET (Cardinal). The Religious Life of Henry VI. II. Bell, 5/-.  
\*HOLLAND (Bernard). Belief and Freedom. Burns & Oates, 5/-.  
McCABE (Joseph). A New Creed for a New World. Watts, 2/-.  
QUICK (Oliver Chase). Christian Beliefs and Modern Questions. Student Christian Movement, 4/-.  
SCHWEITZER (Albert). Christianity and the Religions of the World. Tr. by Johanna Powers. Allen & Unwin, 3/6.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- BLOCK (Sir Adam). Special Report of the Ottoman Public Debt. Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co.  
CLARKE (Dr. C. H.). Germany Yesterday and To-morrow. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6.  
HAMILTON (Sir Ian). The Friends of England: Lectures to the British Legion. II. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.  
\*LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Statistical Enquiry into National Armaments. Part 1, 2/6. Part 2, 4/-. Constable.

## GERMANY'S TRAGIC HOUR.

We, the undersigned, are moved by the knowledge of what we have seen and heard during personal visits to Germany, to appeal to our countrymen for a whole-hearted effort of relief.

The facts of the intensified misery of the last ten months admit of no denial. Bad as conditions are in England, in Germany they are a hundredfold worse. Thousands are literally at their wits' end to know how to meet the needs of the day, and everywhere there is the sense of impending catastrophe.

Some of us have seen the white emaciated faces, the despairing expression, and feeble gait of those who are actually starving. Others have seen men and women breaking down in the market-place because there was no single article of food which they could afford to buy. We all know how food grows daily scarcer and more dear, housing conditions daily more terrible, disease more rife, and suicides more frequent. We are aware, too, how the scientific and intellectual work of the nation, after maintaining itself most bravely through years of poverty and discouragement, has almost collapsed; and how, in spite of heroic efforts to stem the evil, the sense of moral, social, and spiritual values is being gravely impaired. In a word, we have been witnesses of the gradual and tragic decay of a people's life.

We are aware that voluntary charitable assistance can only touch the fringe of all this misery, but efforts of this kind have a value beyond the material relief they bring. The real root of the present distress, chaos, and utter hopelessness lies in the prolongation of the spirit of war into the so-called years of peace. We contend that acts of disinterested charity have a far-reaching force to nullify this spirit, and to create in its stead the desire for reconciliation and normal relationship.

We therefore call earnestly on the people of this country to come to the rescue, before it is too late.

(Signed),

A. W. Albright,  
E. N. Bennett,  
A. N. J. Cotterell,  
Annie M. Cotterell,  
Gertrude Eaton,  
Marion C. Fox,  
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## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

## THE BREAK IN THE MARKETS—INDUSTRIAL SHARES—THE RISE IN TIN.

THE New York rate of exchange has been down to below 4.35. The price of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Conversion Loan has fallen this month about three points, from 79 to under 76. The 4 per cent. Funding Loan has similarly declined from over 90 to under 87; and the discount rate on three months' bank bills has been very nearly  $3\frac{3}{8}$  per cent., or about  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. above the rate current at the beginning of the month. February Treasury Bills were also nearly 3-16 higher. A rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. in the discount rate on a three months' bill being equivalent to a fall of 1 per cent. in the price of a short-term Government Bond, such a decline has been fairly generally realized in that kind of security; National War Bonds and Treasury Bonds now being  $\frac{3}{4}$  to a point lower than at the beginning of the month. New capital issues of a first-class character which opened the month with appreciable premiums have since fallen to a discount, as, for instance, the South African 5 per cent. Loan and the recent London Tube Debenture issues. For this sharp change in the financial situation the decision to plunge the country into the turmoil of another General Election has been almost entirely responsible.

The mere prospect of a Labour Government with a capital levy as its chief plank had a thoroughly bad effect on Stock Exchange sentiment. It was also an important factor in the decline of the New York rate of exchange. For a long time past, foreign-owned balances in London had been on the increase, and whilst this accumulation of credits had added to the demand for sterling and helped the rise in the security markets, it had always been a source of weakness to both. Fears of a capital levy or any fundamental change in economic conditions which might occur under a Labour Government, were consequently quite enough to scare the owners of these balances into dollar purchases and into selling securities on the Stock Exchange.

The break in the security markets was sufficiently severe to raise the presumption that the movement would receive an early check if only by way of a natural reaction. It also demonstrated the sensitiveness of quotations to a decline on a little selling out of proportion to the volume of stock changing hands, just as previously a little buying has been sufficient to put prices better on very little business. A return, however, to some sort of stability was to be expected, and once the feeling of shakiness had been got over, there was a disposition to consider the main factors likely to operate in the future. Amongst these will, no doubt, be, as regards, at all events, fixed-interest stocks, changes in sentiment with regard to the probable state of the parties as the outcome of the coming Election. The situation on the Continent must also have some influence—though probably not much so far as the Stock Exchange itself is concerned. More important effects may be produced by any developments in the monetary position and the state of trade.

In this connection the really big movement in trade during October is of considerable interest. Imports rose by nearly £16,000,000 as compared with September, and exports by over £10,000,000. Nothing like a movement of this kind has been seen for years. Nearly half the expansion in exports was under the head of British-made goods, and about £7,000,000 worth of imports was in the form of raw materials. Both these facts are encouraging. They naturally mean that not only have we sold more of our productions in foreign markets, but our manufacturers have also been increasing their stocks of raw materials in the expectation that when they have been worked up by British labour they can be sold at a profit. It is quite evident that traders have gained a little more confidence, and if nothing is done to shake that—far more, if everything is done to strengthen it—there is room for a good deal of encouragement in the present trend of trade.

In this connection it is to be observed that the deposits of the London Clearing Banks, which in September were £1,650 millions, rose during October to £1,670 millions. There has thus been not only greater stability in banking deposits this financial year (they were £1,648 in April), but a tendency to expand. An interesting feature of the Clearing Banks' statement was, moreover, the increase in acceptances and bills discounted. The rise in the latter was no doubt chiefly due to increased sales of Treasury Bills, but some of it is generally considered to have represented commercial bills. At the same time, wholesale commodity prices have also shown a tendency to recover. All these things are consistent with the first stirrings of trade after a severe slump, and are preliminary to a gradual revival. The cessation of active monetary deflation lately cannot be overlooked in this connection, for the removal of such a depressing influence on the commercial community could not but be expected to exercise a wholesome effect—as, indeed, it certainly did in America, where, as a result of the improvement in trade that followed, 5,000,000 unemployed were absorbed and an actual shortage of labour ensued.

If trade conditions do gradually improve, the effect upon the security markets may be appreciable. A fall in fixed-interest stocks, and rather more activity in speculative and semi-speculative shares, would be quite consistent developments. Already some attention has been given to these variable-dividend departments, and this may extend to industrial shares apart even from iron and steel descriptions, which have recently been rising in some instances. With such a wide field a good deal of discrimination is necessary, but as an approximate indication of the course of industrial share prices as a class since the boom period of 1920, the index number compiled by the "Economic Review" is of interest. It runs as follows:—

1920				1923			
March 1	...	...	186	Jan. 13	...	...	122
July 1	...	...	149	Feb. 17	...	...	127
Dec. 1	...	...	130	April 28	...	...	137
1921				June 9	...	...	130
Aug. 20	...	...	105	Aug. 11	...	...	122
Oct. 20	...	...	91	Sept. 1	...	...	123
Dec. 31	...	...	100	" 29	...	...	126
1922				Oct. 20	...	...	125
Jan. 28	...	...	102	Nov. 3	...	...	126
May 13	...	...	114				
Sept. 16	...	...	115				
Dec. 30	...	...	119				

An interesting feature of the past account on the Stock Exchange has been the upward movement in shares of tin-producing companies, on the persistent rise in the metal. This in turn has been due to an improved trade demand and increased American buying. The tendency in the share market has since been continued coincident with a further jump in the commodity. Tin now stands at over £220 a ton, a figure which yields a handsome profit to producing companies. Below are the prices of a number of shares showing the movement on the past account and the tendency since:—

SHARE	MAKE-UP		MAKE-UP		SINCE	
	Oct. 26		Nov. 12		(Approx.)	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Ropp Tin	10	4½	11	0	11	6
Rayfield	3	9	4	3	4	6
Geevor	8	9	9	6	9	9
Bisichi	6	9	7	9	7	9
Ipoh	16	3	17	0	17	3
Kamunting	37	6	40	1½	39	4½
Pahang Cons.	8	9	9	3	9	6
Malayan Tin	35	7½	38	1½	38	9
Renong	21	10½	22	6	22	9
Mongu	12	0	12	9	13	0

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